FAN-tastic

Folk Songs and other Fannish Delights

Featuring The Songs of Karen Willson

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A NOTE FROM ERIC GERDS

One can never truly appreciate what music is all about until one jumps right into the middle of it and discovers he is lost. All I ever wanted to do with the music was to copy the songs on to my magazine format. As it turned out, most of the time I had no idea what was going on. The only thing that saved me was a lot of really great people who kept me from going crazy, told me what I was doing wrong, and helped me finish the music.

Which leaves me with many thank you's to say:

Thank you to Karen for allowing me to publish her songs and being patient with me when she found errors.

Thank you to Chris, Kim, Gary, K.C., Joshua, John and Paul for their material to complete the issue.

Thank you to Chris Weber for his knowledge of both music and Karen's music.

Thank you to Carolyn Clemans, Roberta Gerds, Cary Howe, Tera Mitchel, Andy Rosen, Cat Spaulding, Carol and John Whiting, Karen, and Chris for coming over on a moment's notice, spending long hours, and doing a lot of hard work helping me put this together. There is no way I can really thank these people enough.

And a special thanks to Carolyn Clemans and my father, Don Gerds, for their love, knowledge, support and patience with me.

DEDICATION AND GREETING!

Hello! To whoever is holding this book out there, I want you to know you are hanging on to a very special part of me. A dream come true. Not just an ordinary "what if" dream, but a looking-glass dream — where I'm Alice, and Eric Gerds is the Mad Hatter — telling me I'm late. And the chase and adventures that went into creating this piece span twenty-five years, and rather resemble Alice's mad adventures.

But it *is* finished. I have ABSOLUTE PROOF that the dream is real, captured for a moment in what you're hanging onto but still growing. Thank you's are in order. Thank you for being there for me to sing/write to/share with. We're partners in this dream. Thank you to Eric for being too DAMNED POLITE through it all, willing to be a bridge-builder not a barrier. Please buy lots of copies, make him his investment back. Thanks to Chris Weber for — well, we won't go into it, but it was phenomenal. . . . Thanks to Carolyn Clemans, Steve Barnes and Tony and Sylvia Woods and Steve and Kathleen Sky-Goldin and everyone who contributed.

Enjoy!

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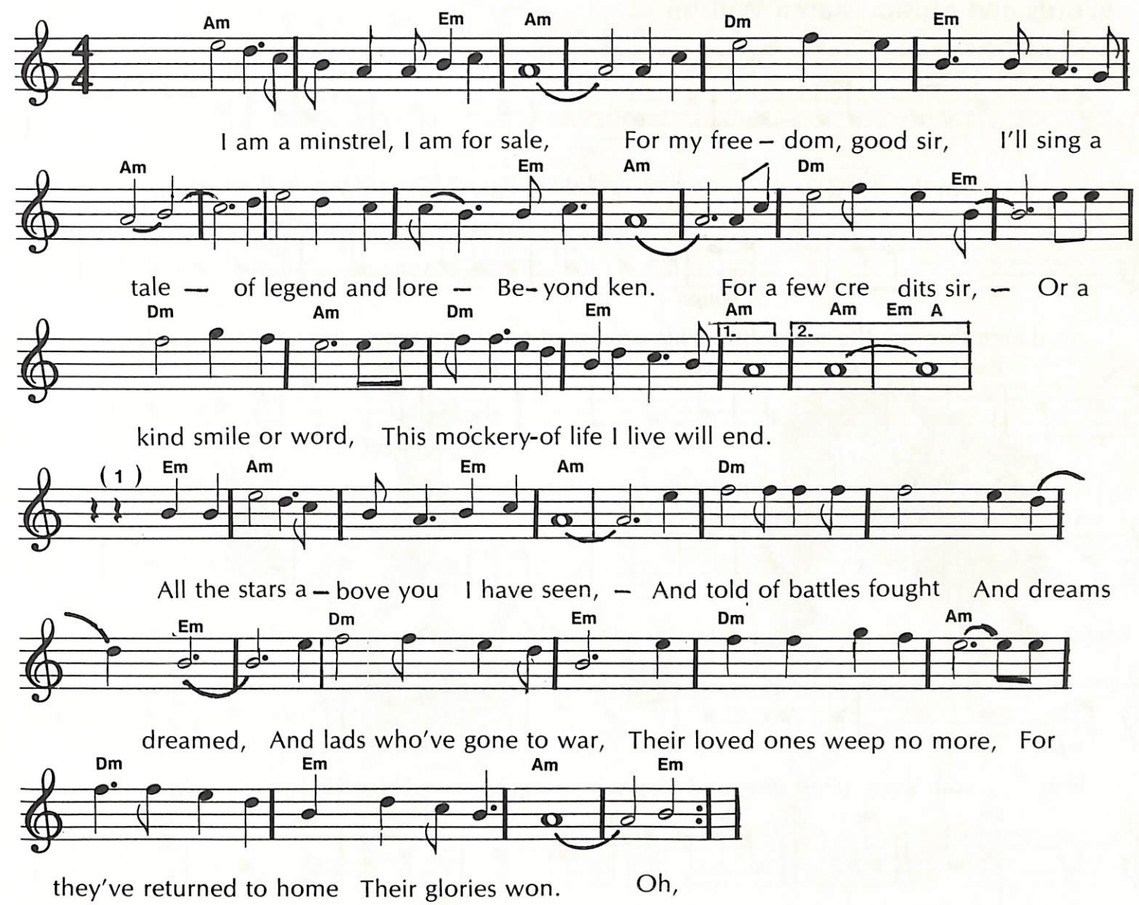
THE MINSTREL'S SONG

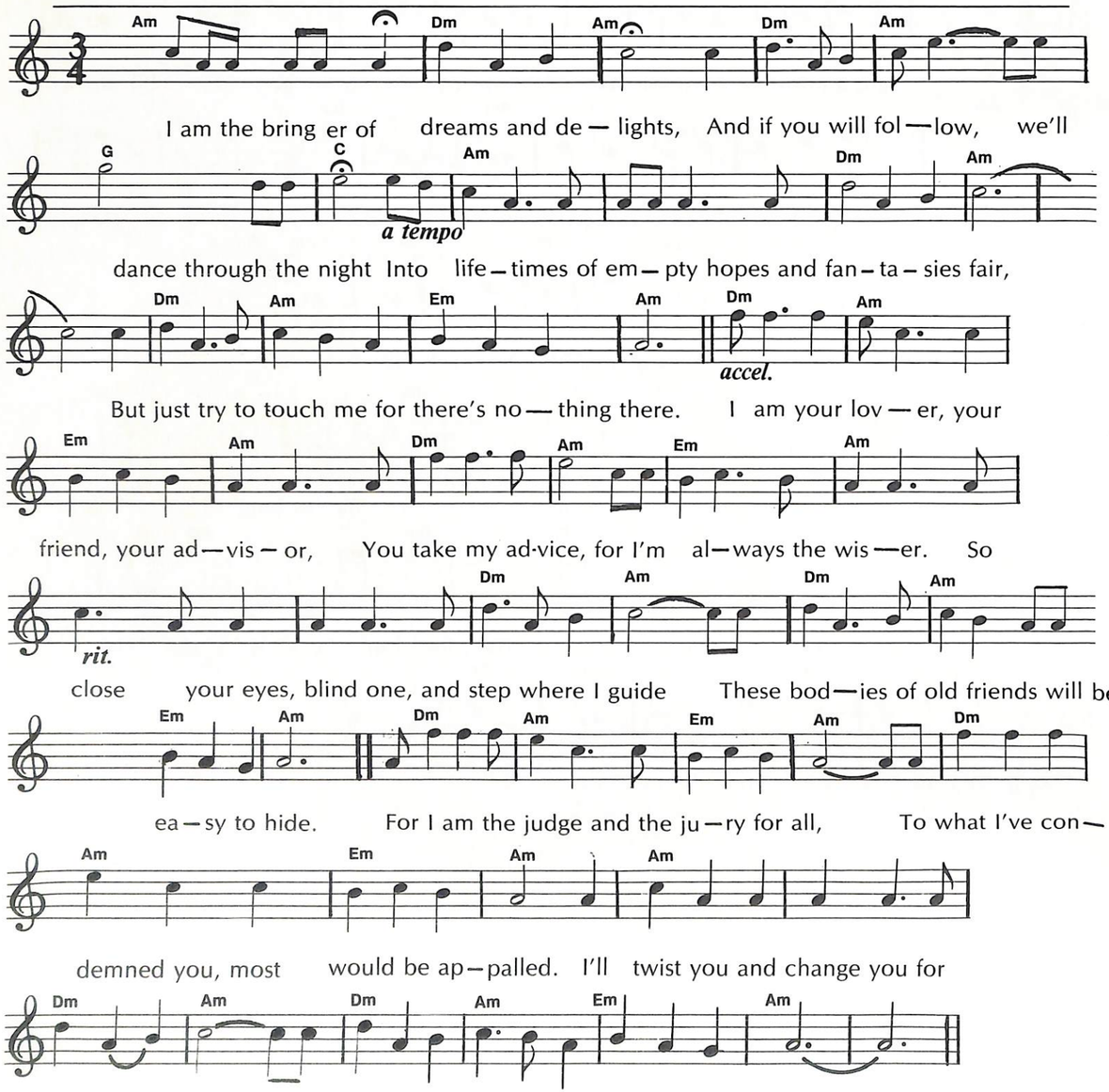
Words and Music: Karen Willson

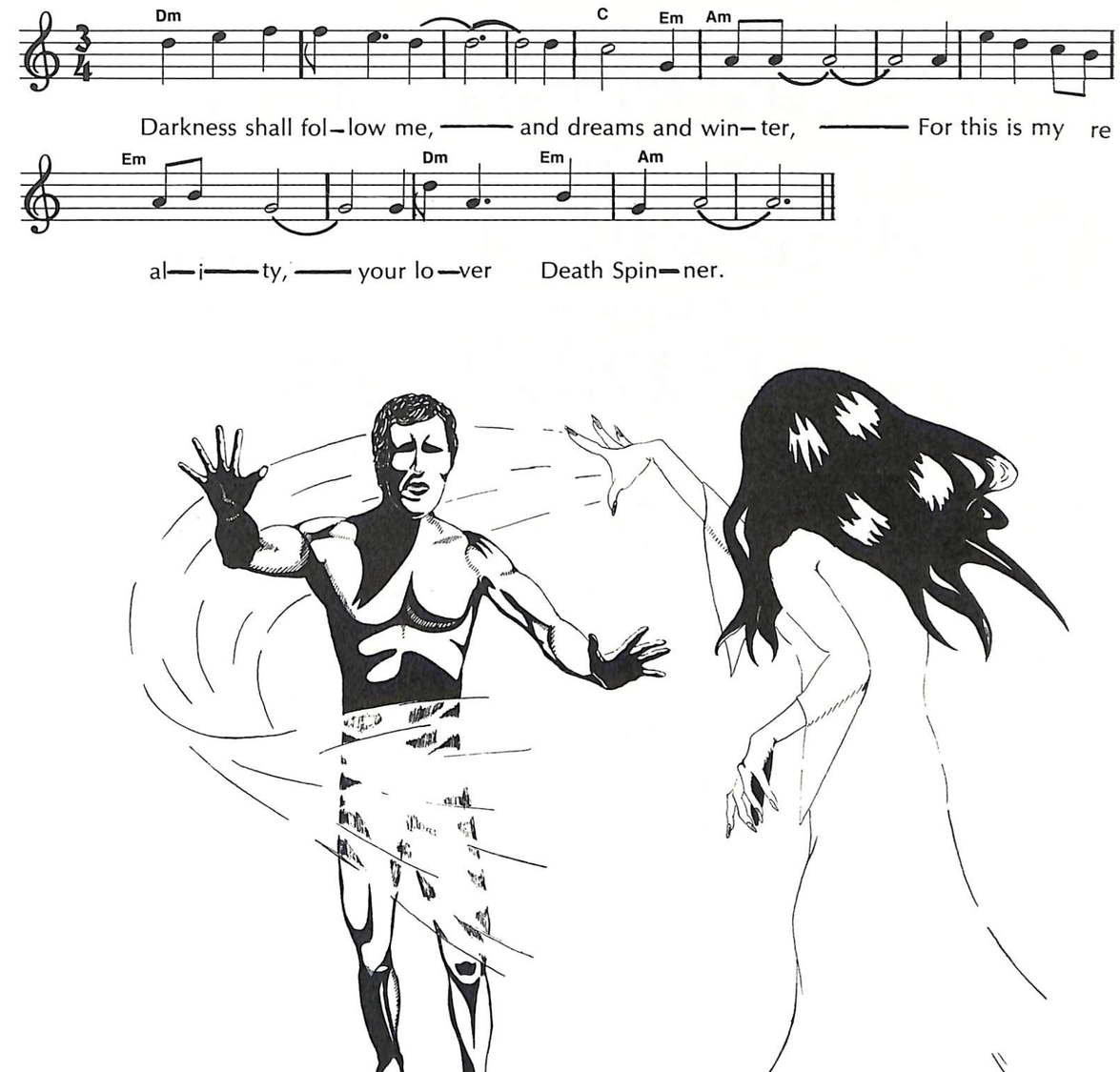


(2)
I am a minstrel, I am for sale,
For my freedom, good sir,
I'll sing a tale of legend and lore
Beyond ken.
For a few credits sir,
And a kind smile or word,
This mockery of life I live will end.

DEATH SPINNER

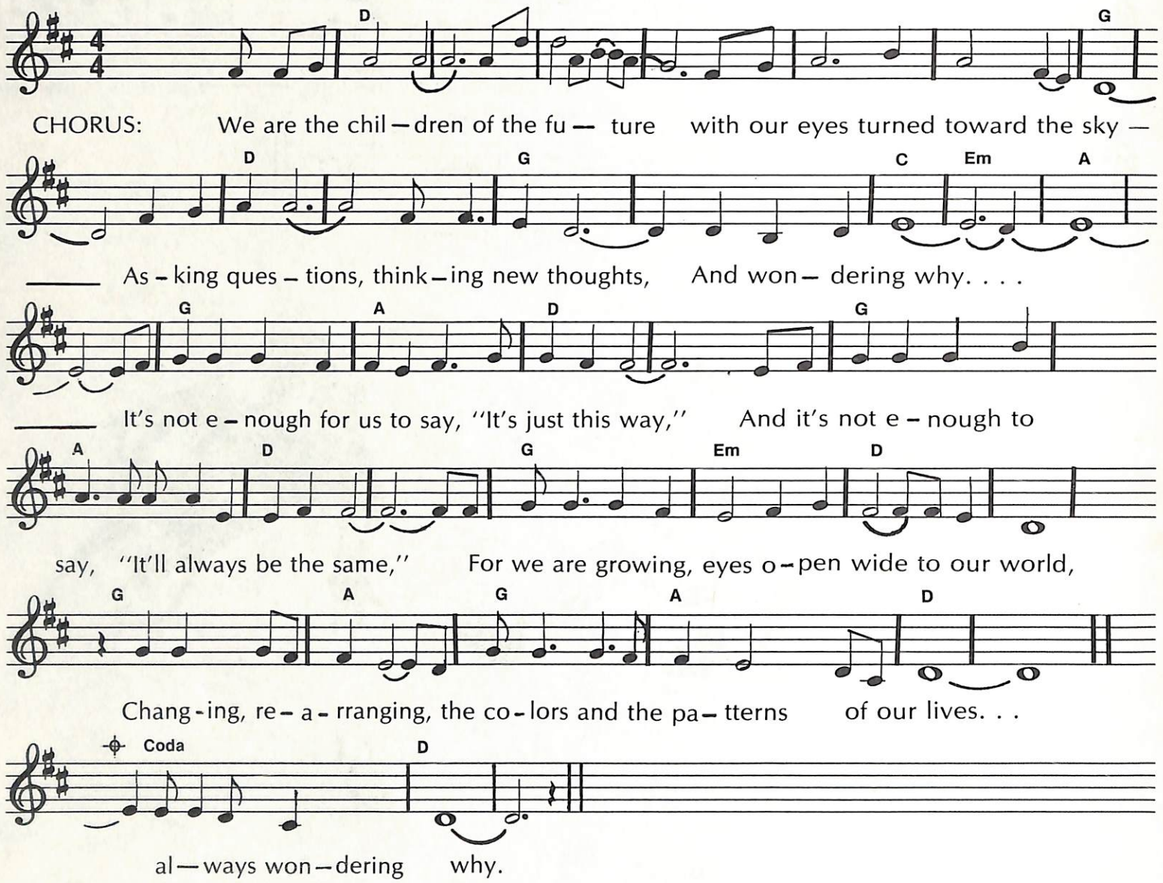
Words and Music: Karen Willson





CHILDREN OF THE FUTURE

Words and Music: Karen Willson



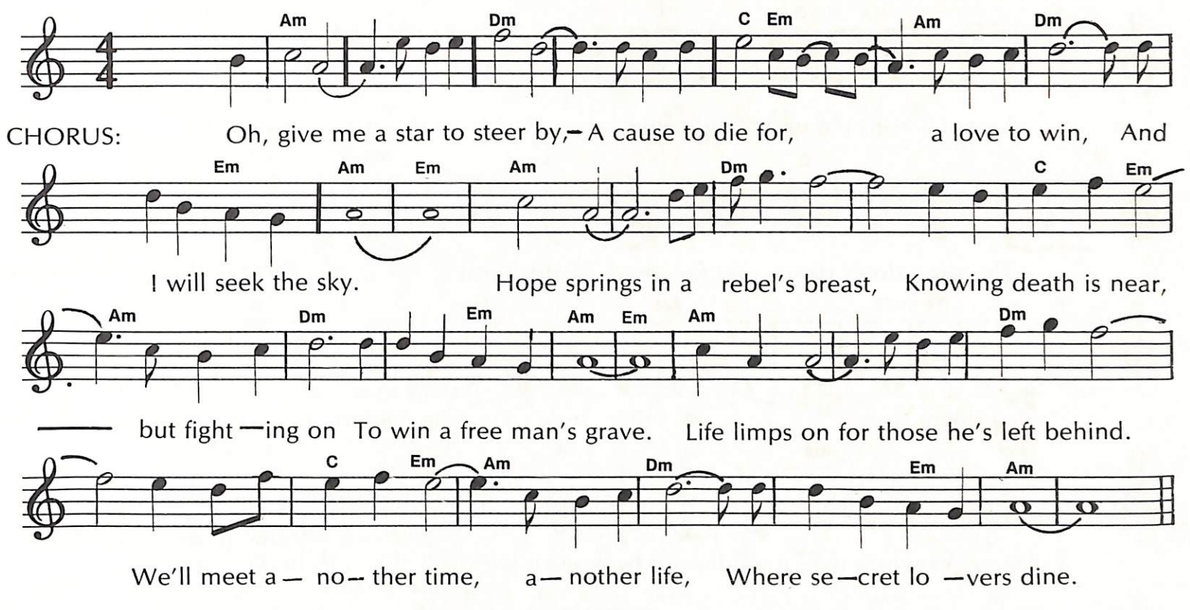
CHORUS:

If there is something wrong, you know we'll change it,
'cuz it's not our way to let things pass undone,
And when we're through, we'll look into tomorrow,
Knowing it will be ours, for in today
the future we have won.

CHORUS:

STAR TO STEER BY

Words and Music: Karen Willson



CHORUS:

Gently, she draws her children near
And whispers 'way their fears, for by moonset
The soldiers will have gone
Somewhere, her loved one roams the sky.
Death weaves his silken lies: a shield gone,
A robe of rest well won.

CHORUS:

Hidden deep, a princess' secrets lie.
Her brothers beside her slain. Dark Master smiles. . .
This battle he has won.
Head high, she meets death unafraid,
Knowing the price she's paid. Is worth its end,
Dark Master's hold broken

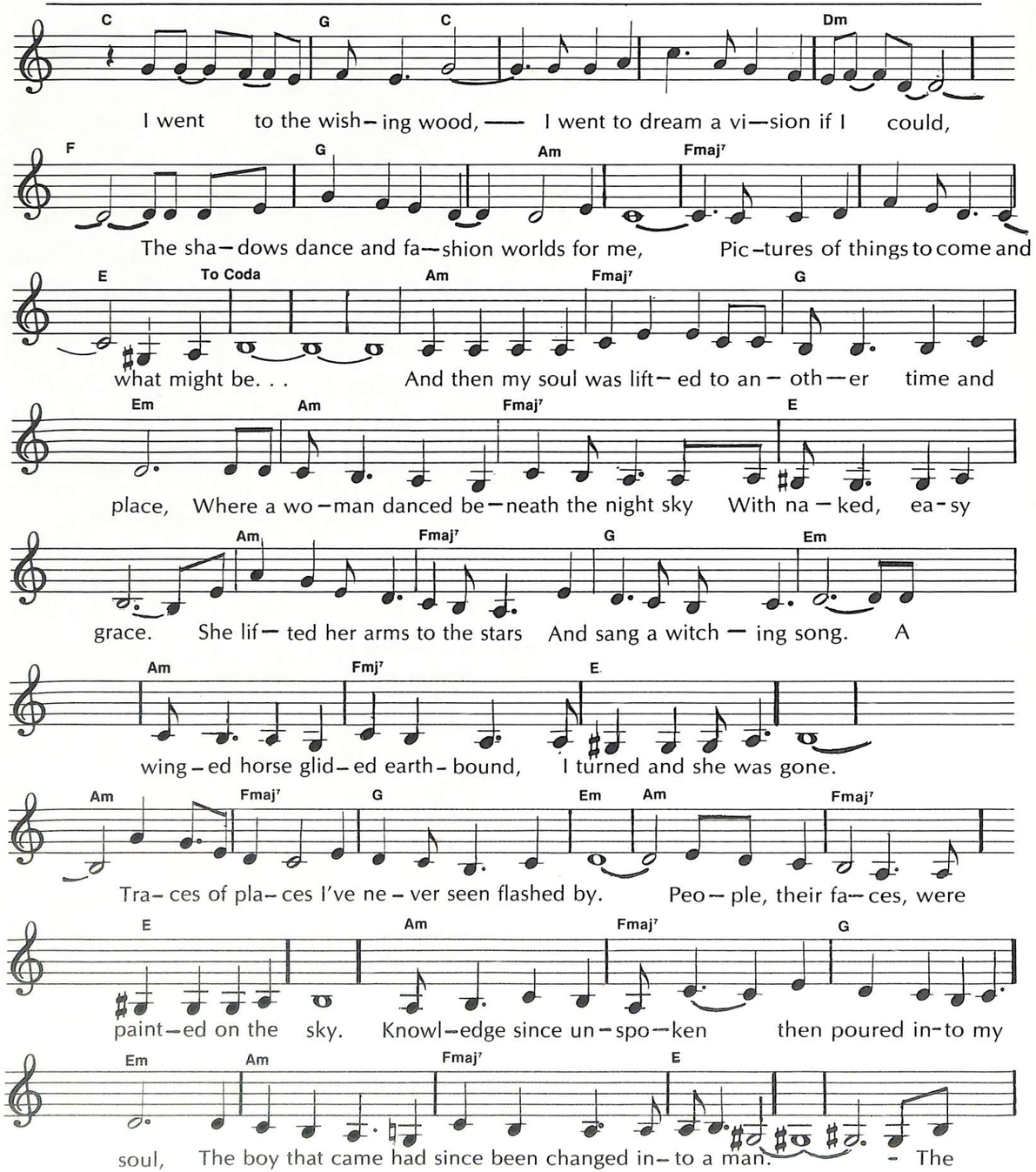
CHORUS:

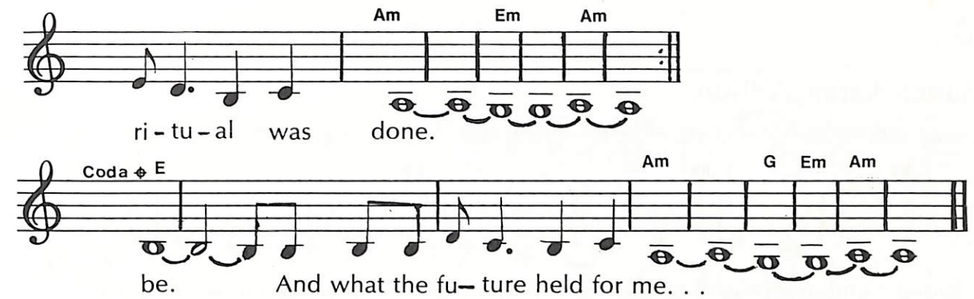
War lingers on. Its roots grow deep in space,
Inspired and fed by hate. We will be free. . .
The rebel's cry is strong.
For them this dream: Together they'll carve a place.
Destiny they will create. The time has come;
The force of peace has won!

CHORUS:

THE WISHING WOOD

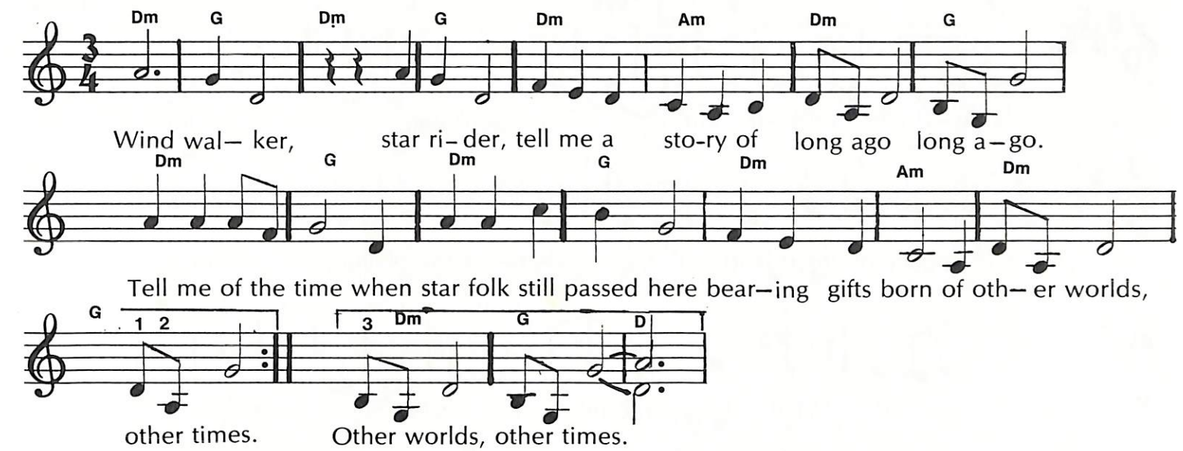
Words and Music: Karen Willson





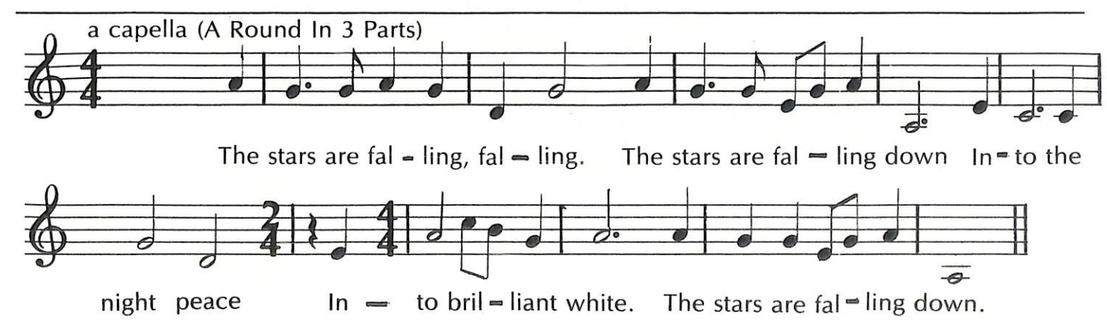
WINDWALKER

Words and Music by Karen Willson



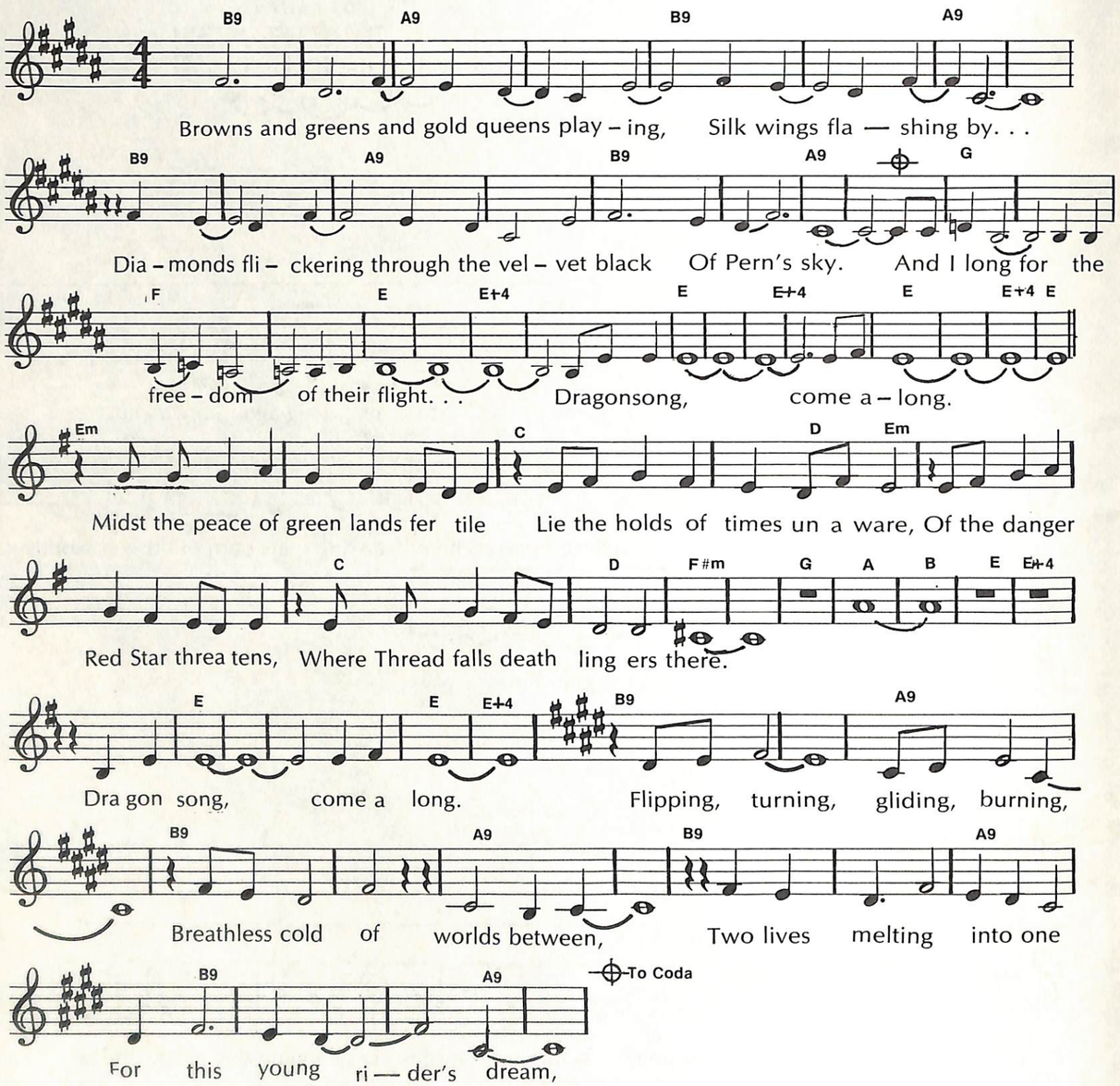
THE STARS ARE FALLING

Words and Music: Karen Willson



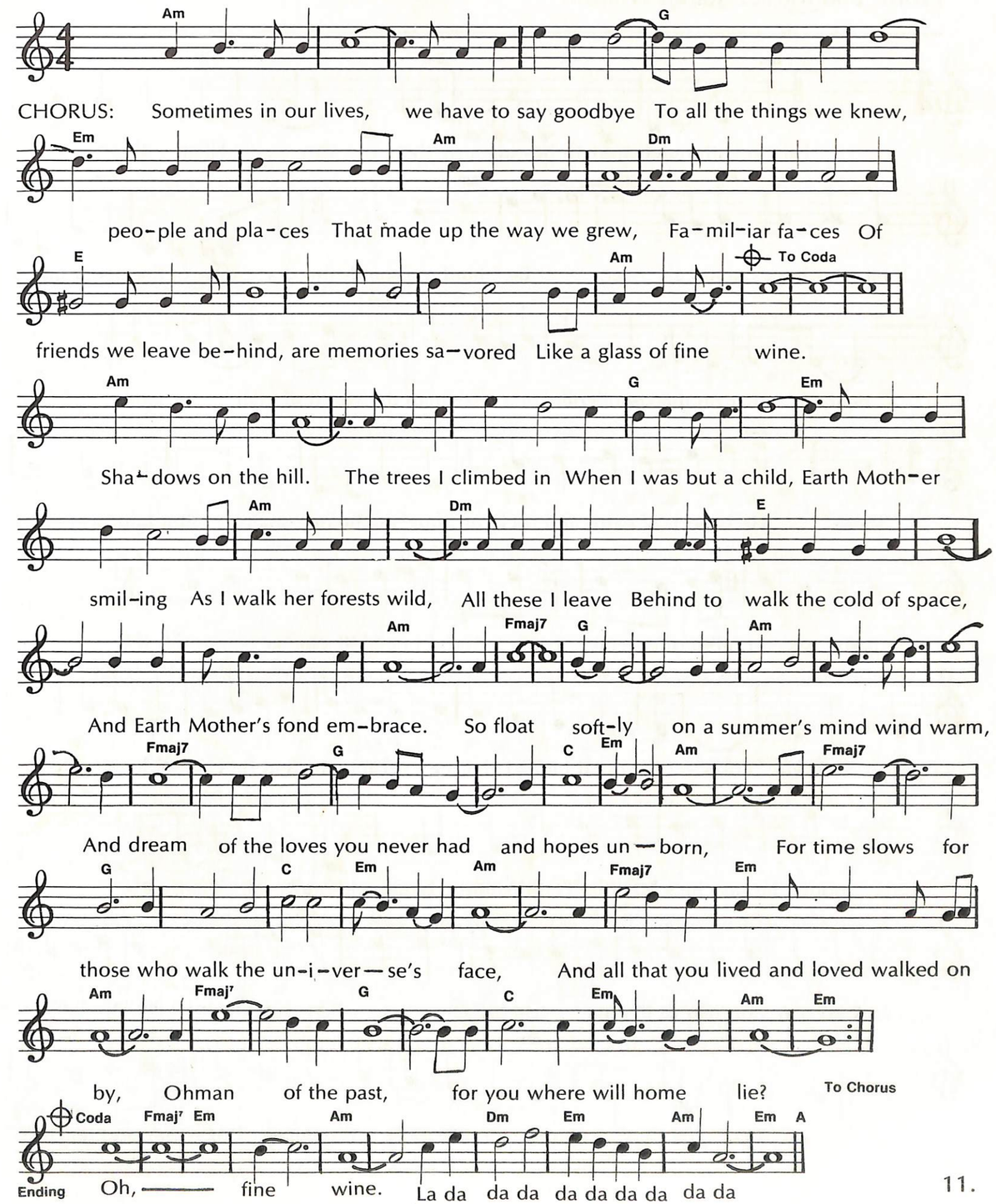
DRAGONSONG

Words and Music: Karen Willson



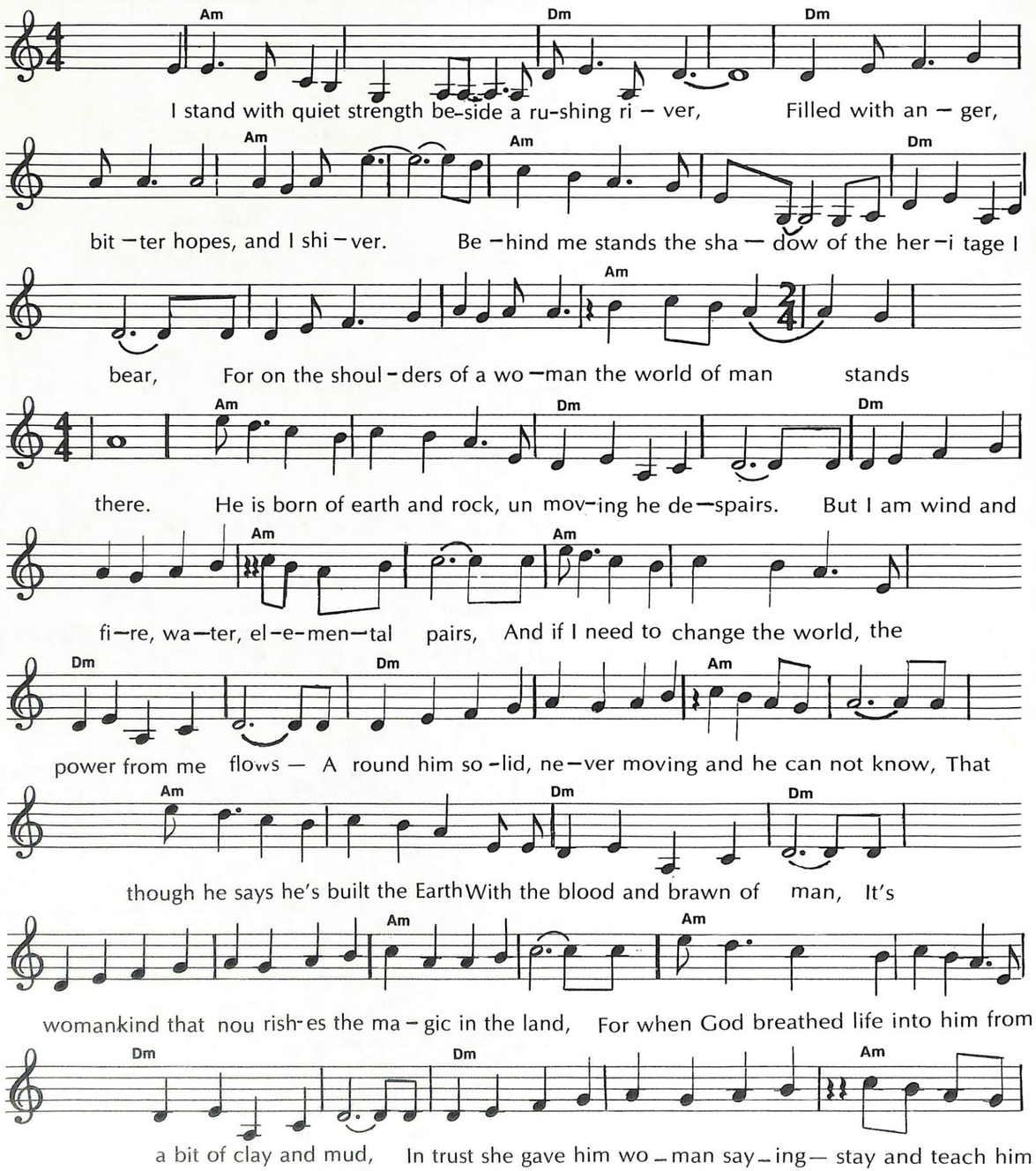
SOMETIMES IN OUR LIVES. . .

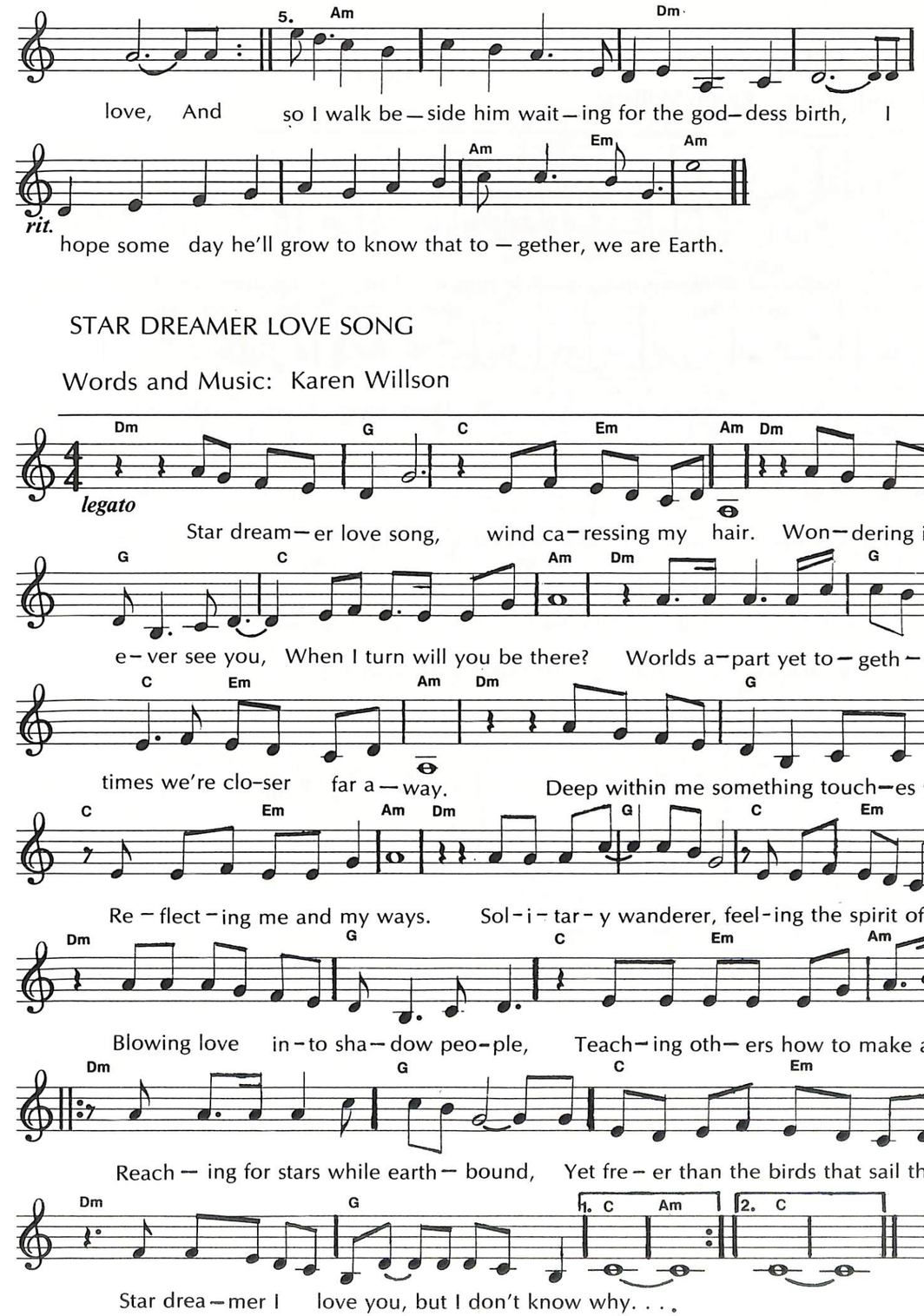
Words and Music: Karen Willson



WOMAN

Words and Music: Karen Willson



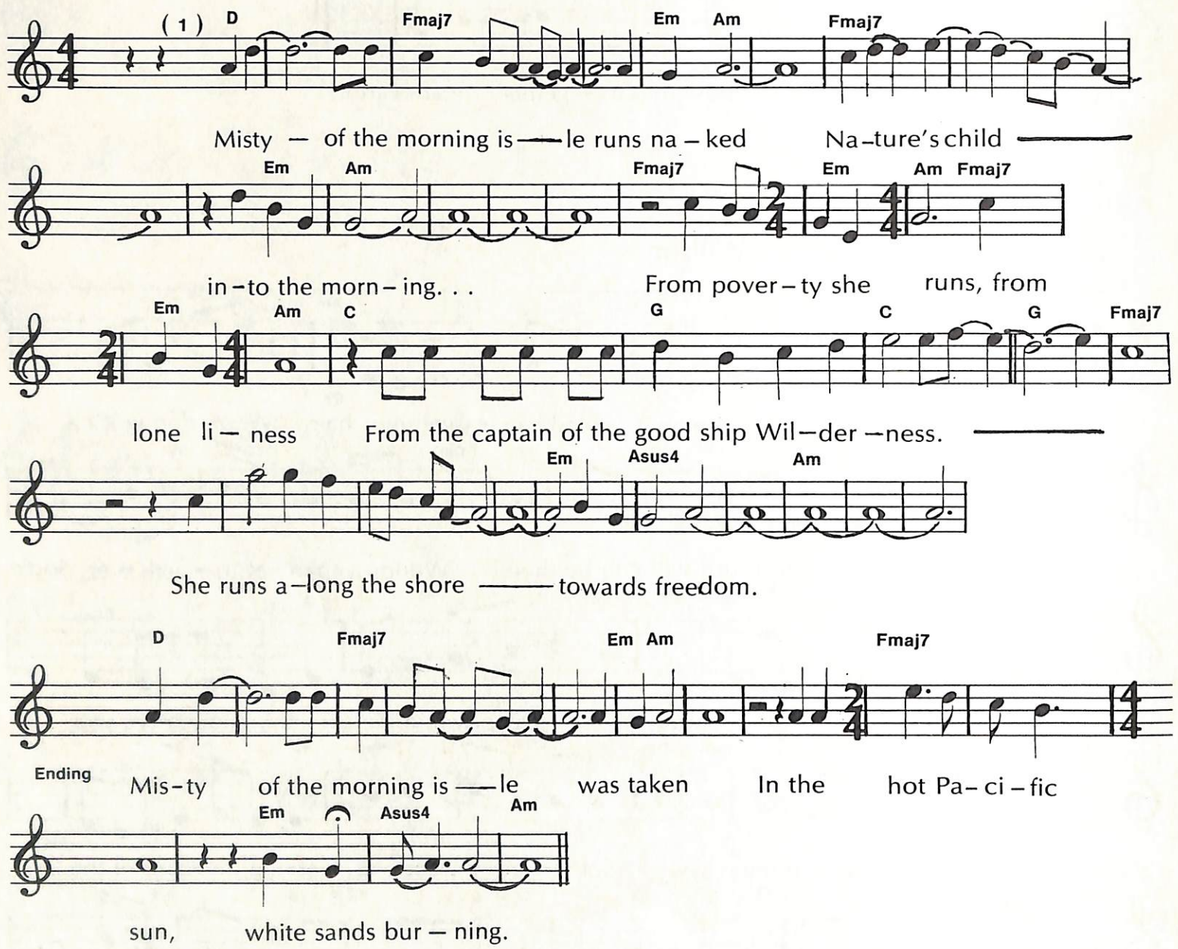


STAR DREAMER LOVE SONG

Words and Music: Karen Willson

MISTY OF THE MORNING

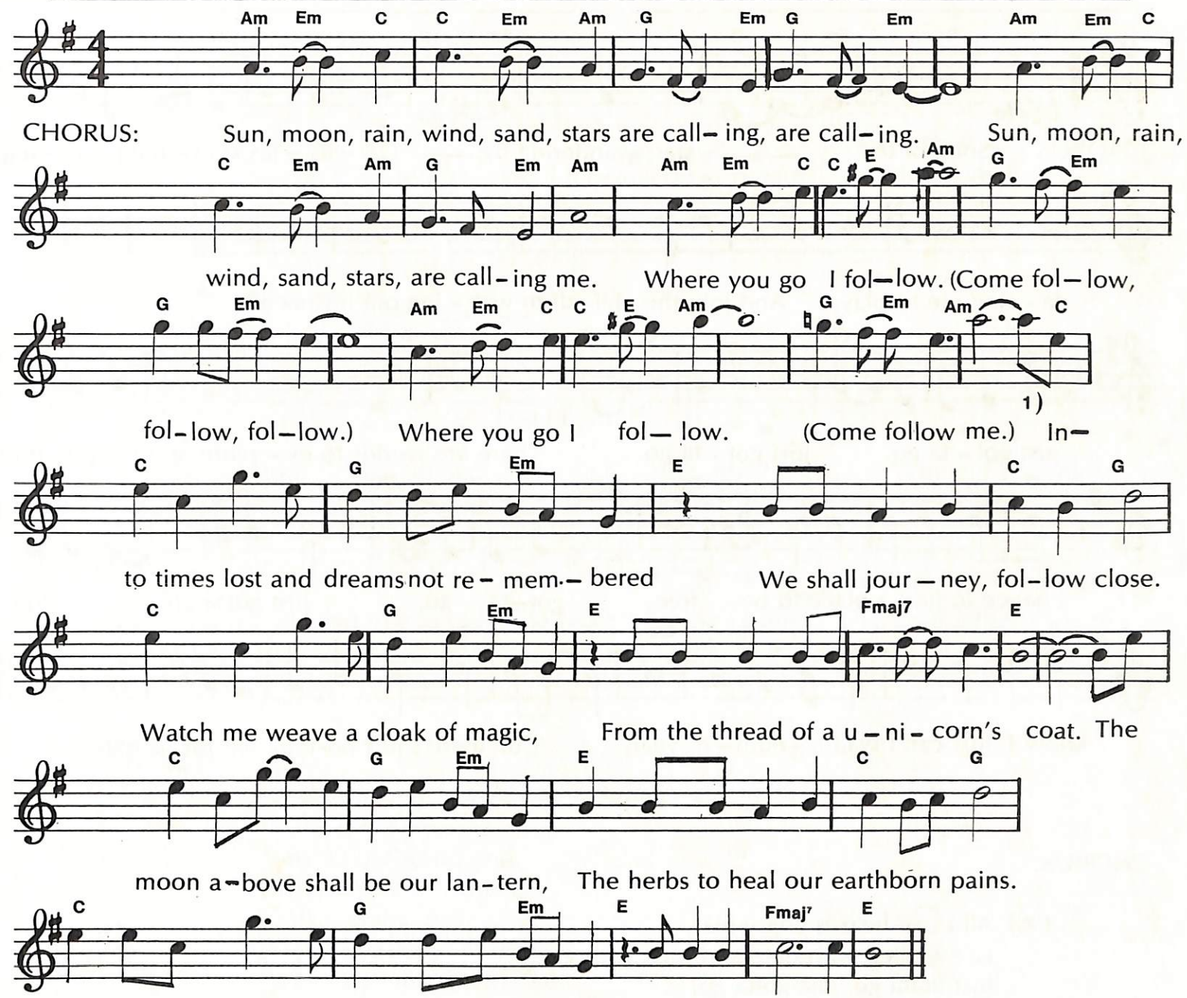
Words and Music: Karen Willson



(2) Misty of the morning isle runs naked
Youth fading behind her
Hot Pacific morning.
From poverty she runs, from certain death
In the arms of the captain of the Wilderness.
A king's man takes what he conquers — even freedom.

MAGIC

Words and Music: Karen Willson



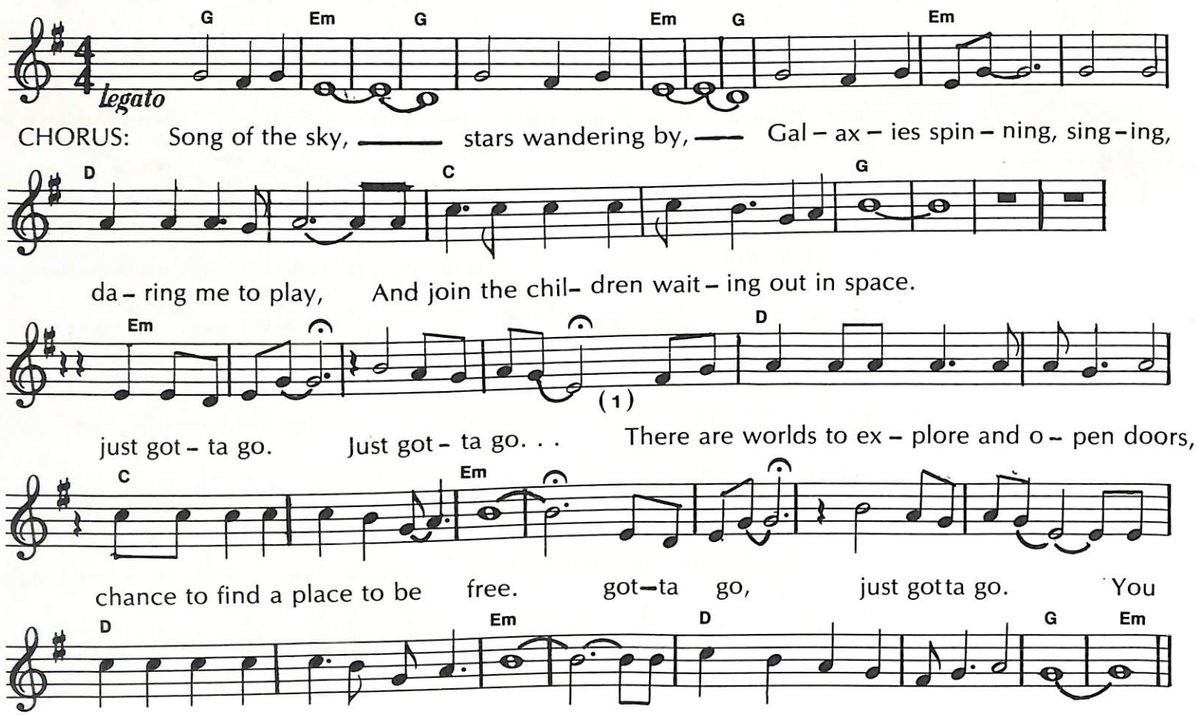
CHORUS:

Words of power gods have bestowed on us
Charms of hope on wings of change,
And if hearts be true to the path fate has chosen
The Shadow will not walk this way again.
Behind us lies the moon and memory
Safety's chains, path worn, ways known,
Before us lies a new world that's ours to test
In battle where legends are born.

CHORUS:

SONG OF THE SKY

Words and Music: Karen Willson



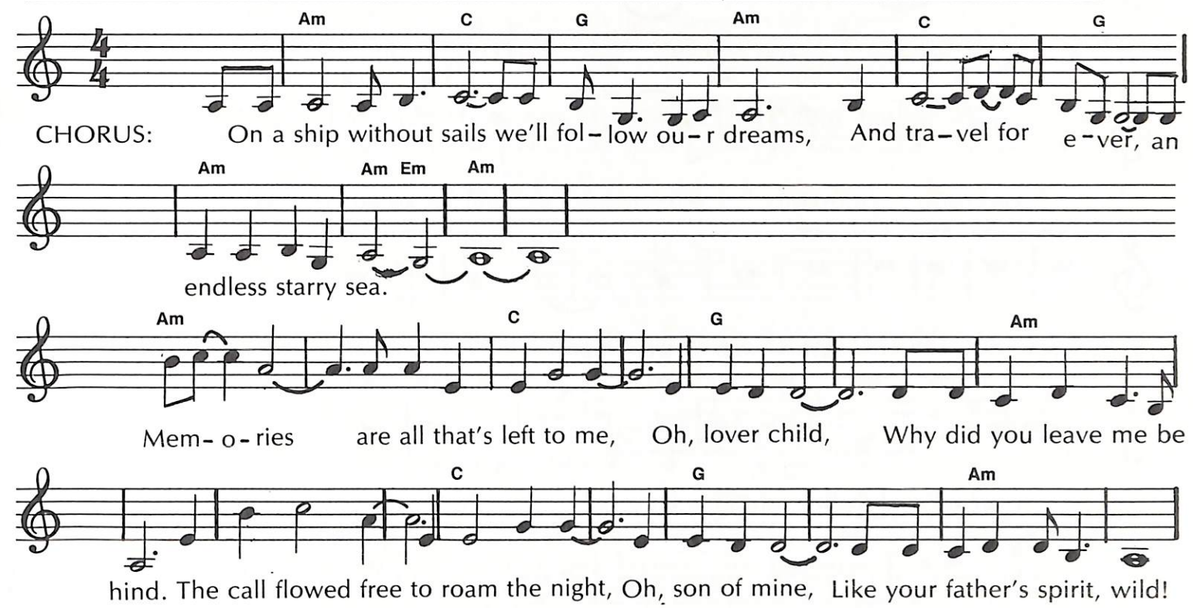
CHORUS:

(2) All I can hear is angry fear,
Life is filled with hate and men with greed.
Just gotta go, just gotta go,
You know I just can't wait another year,
'Cuz there just may be nothin' left here.

CHORUS:

SHIP WITHOUT SAILS

Words and Music: Karen Willson



CHORUS:

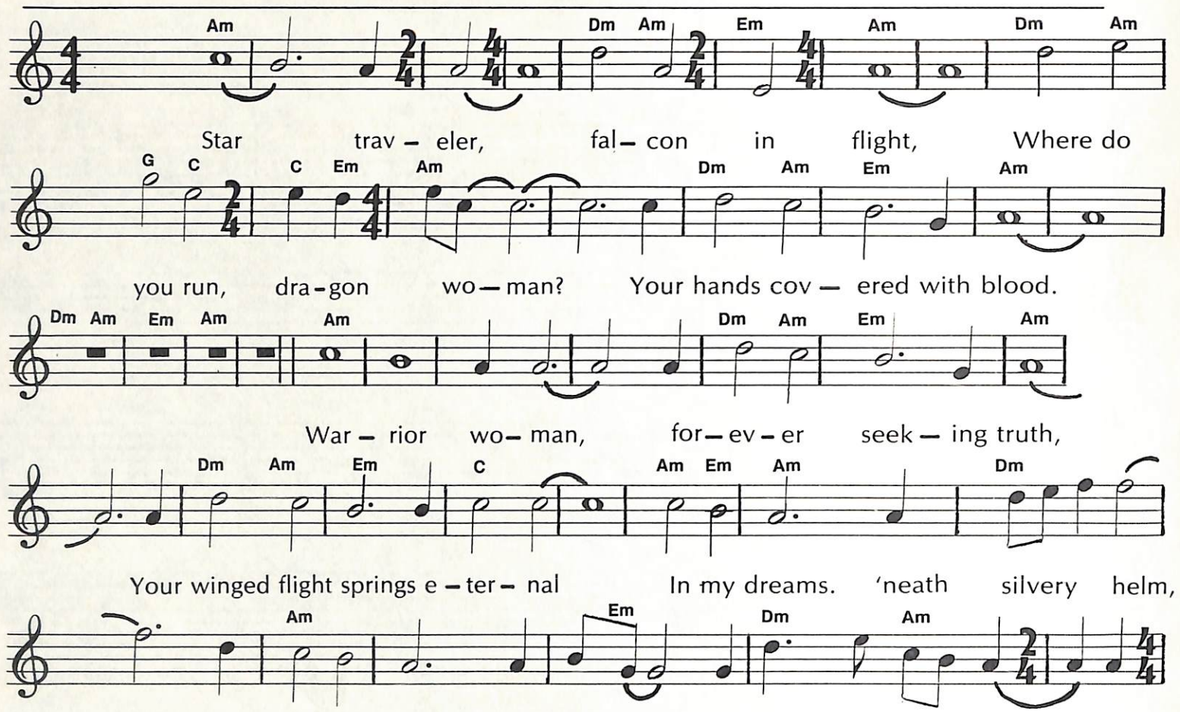
Lovers once, a pair in love with life,
Our hopes entwined,
Now all of this is gone.
Lips and hearts brushed,
Tears mingled with wine,
Someday we'll love again,
Farewell young lover mine.

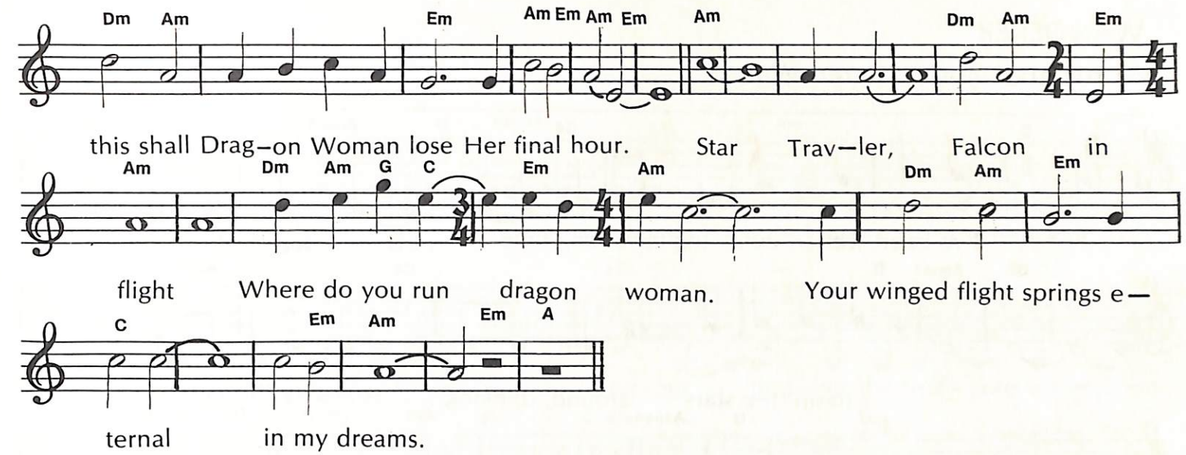
CHORUS:

I'll race the wind and catch the sun,
Seek maidens fair,
But my heart you have won.
Though I go now to seek my soul,
I will return,
To the lands and loves of home.

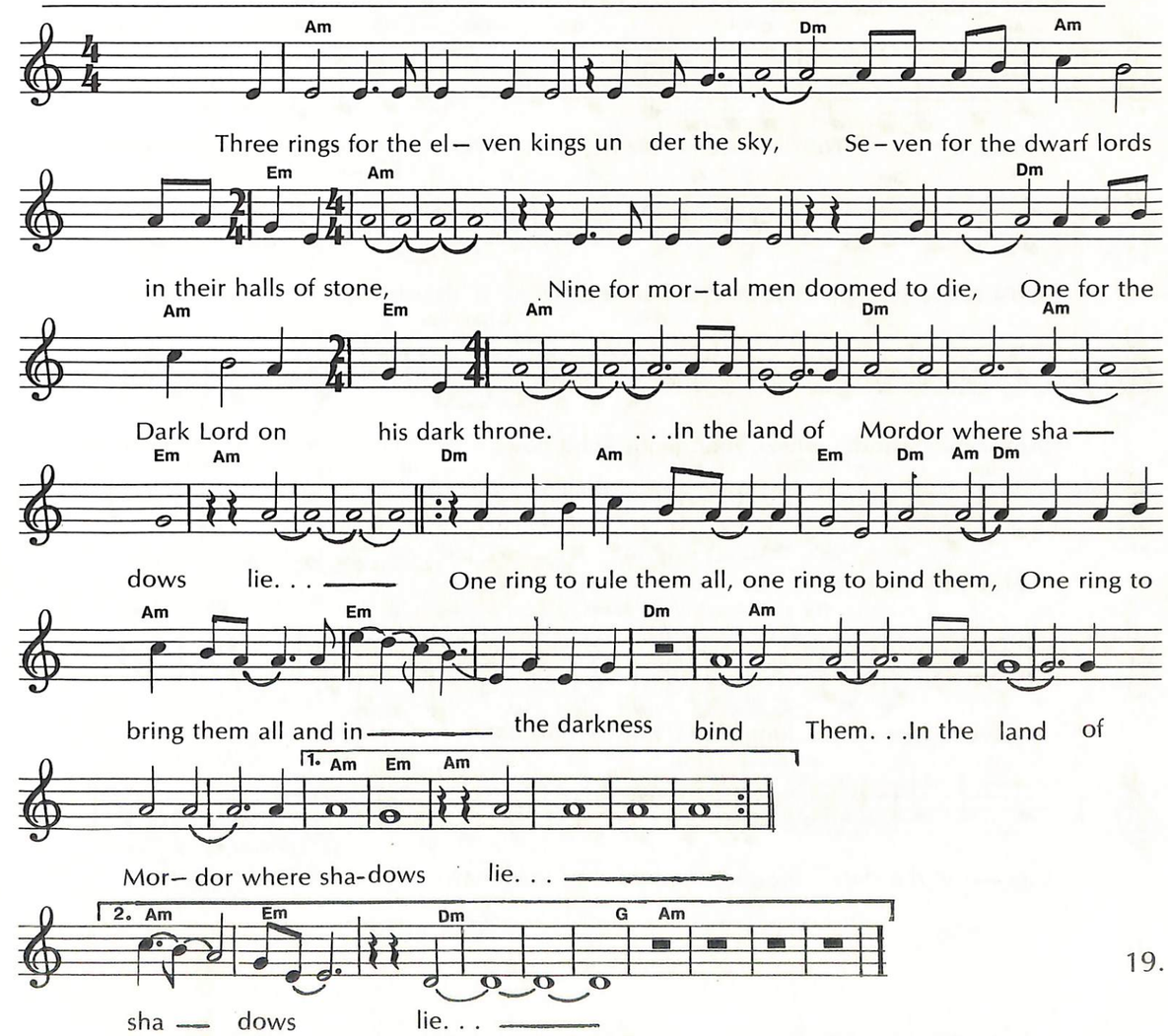
CHORUS:

STAR TRAVELER
Words and Music: Karen Willson



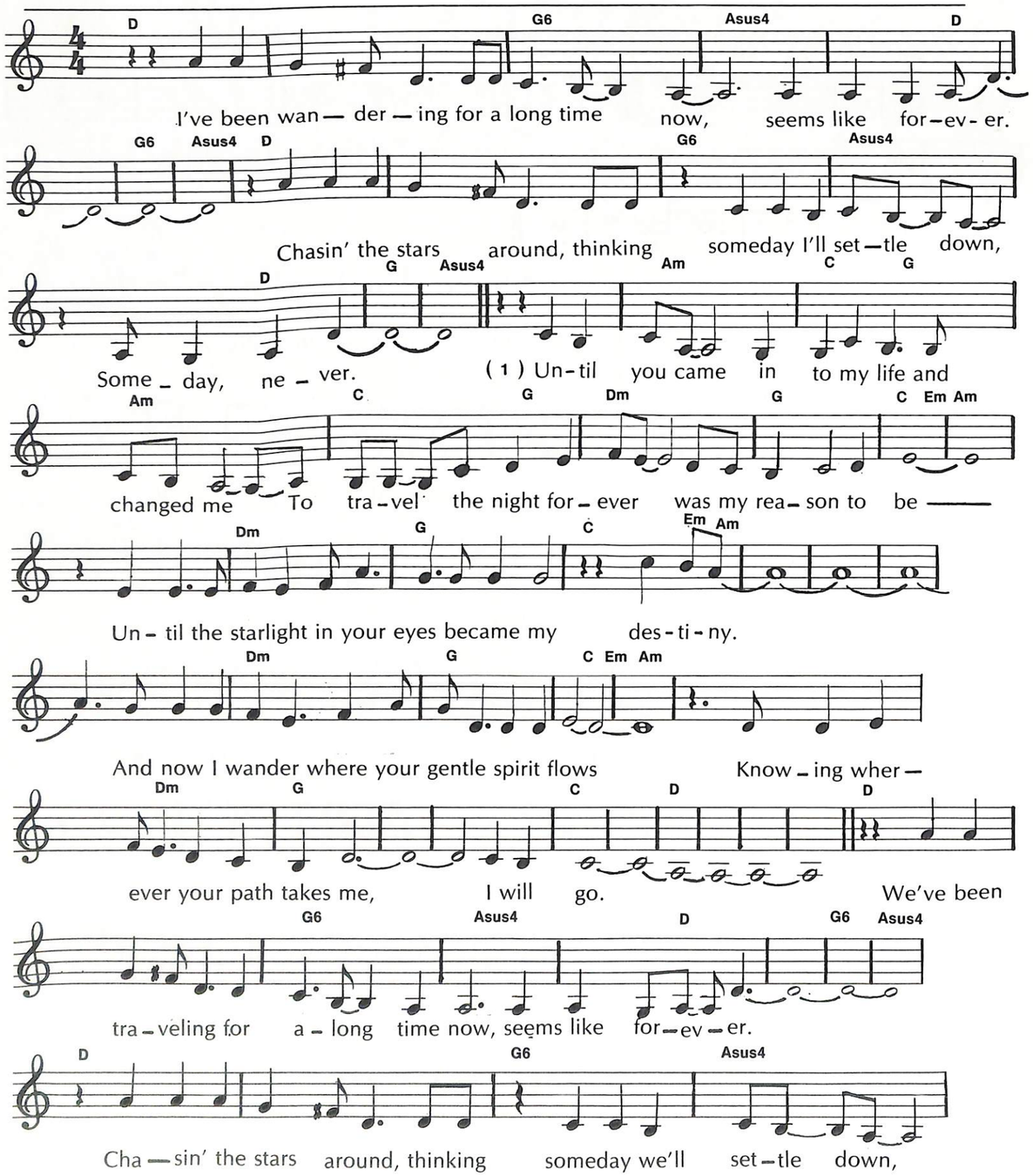


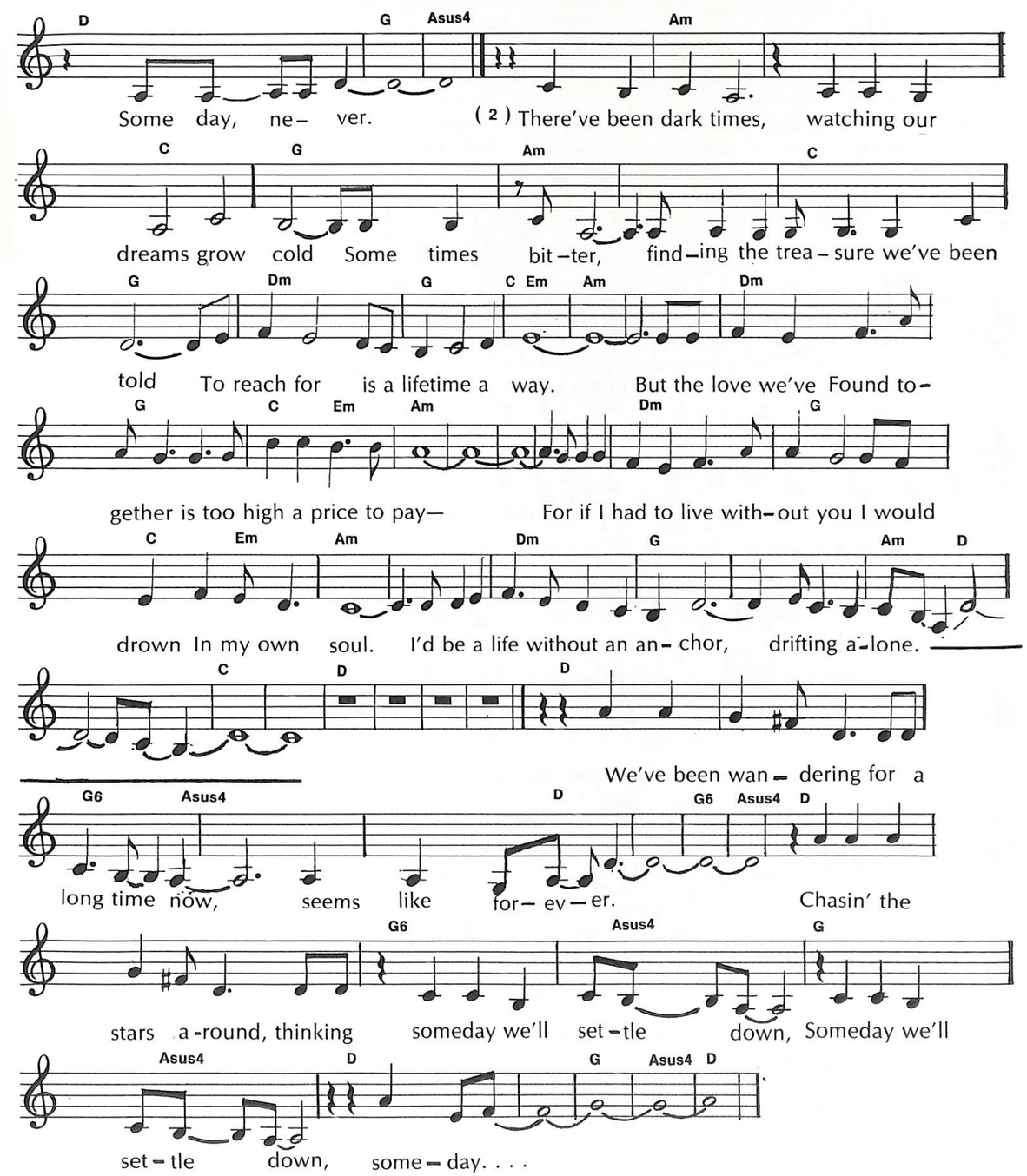
LORD OF THE RINGS Lyrics: J.R.R. Tolkein Tune: by Karen Willson



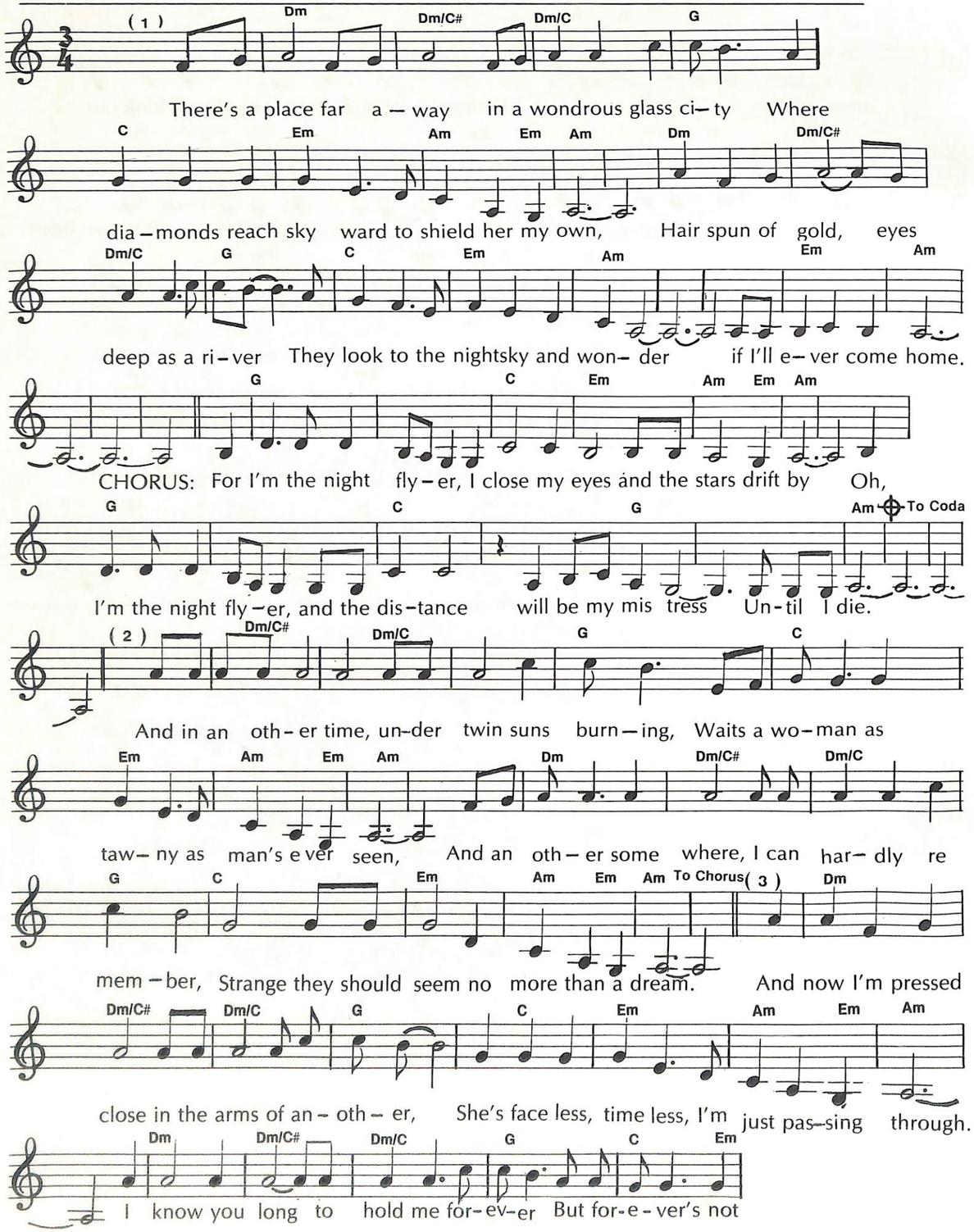
WANDERER

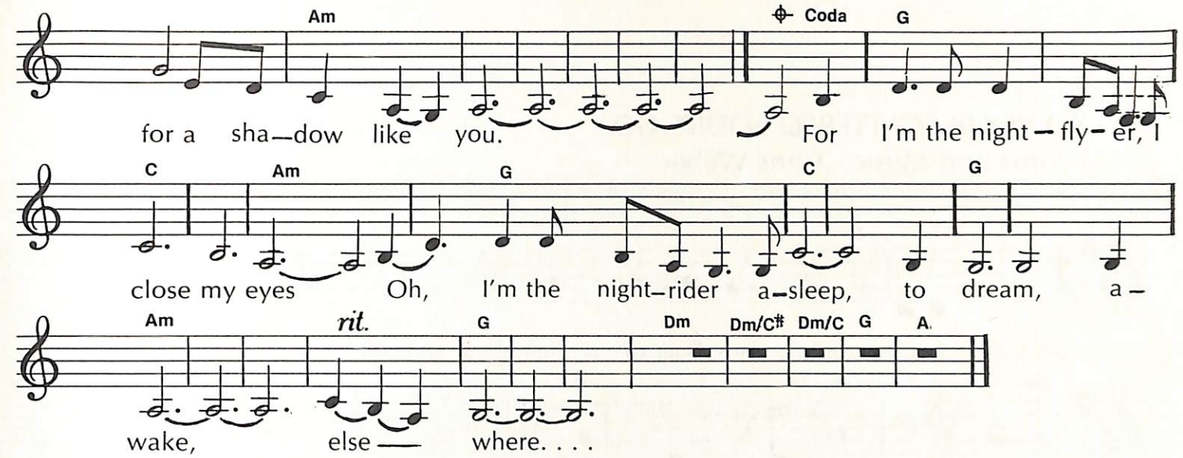
Words and Music: Karen Willson



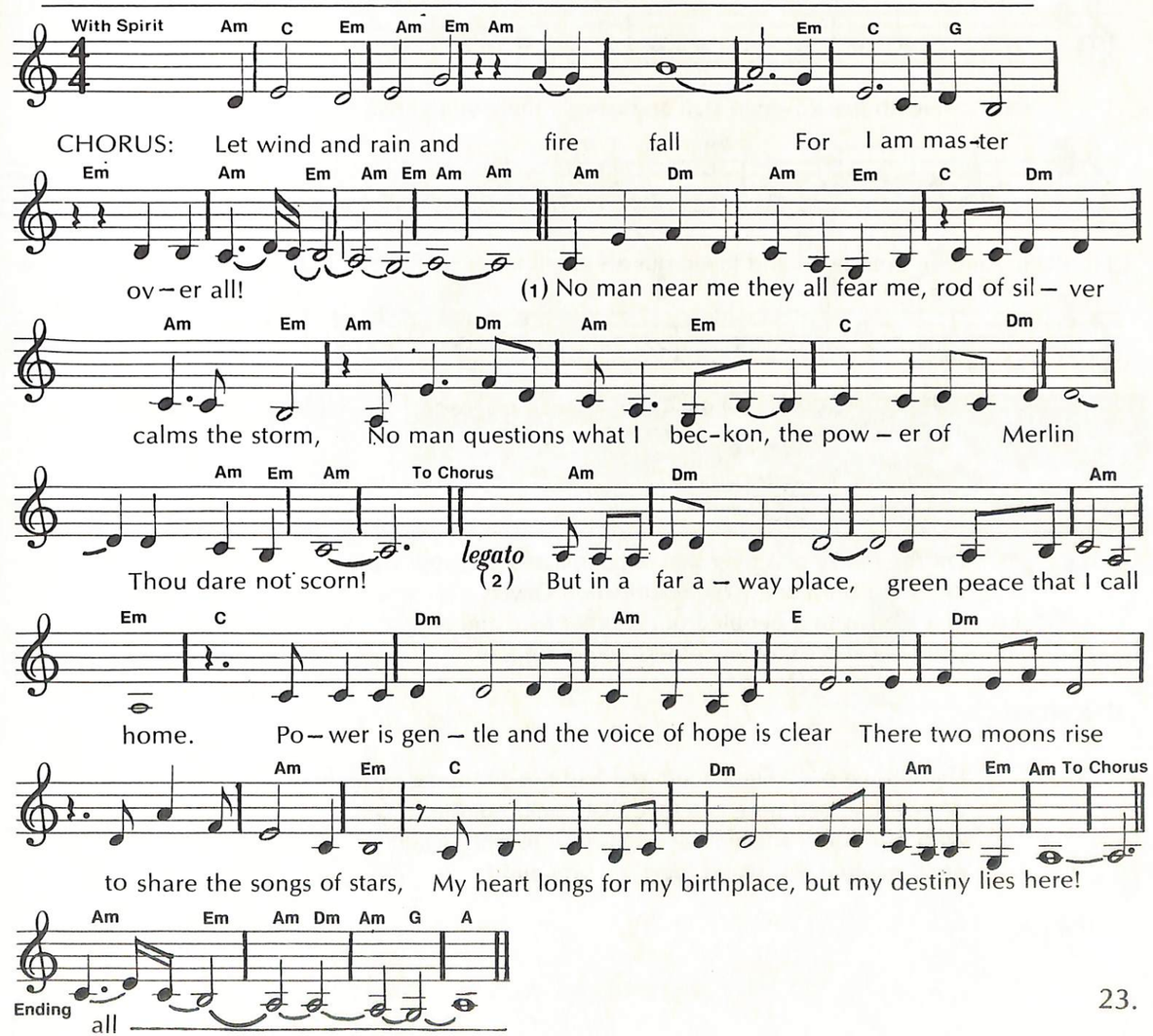


NIGHTFLYER
Words and Music by Karen Willson and Doug Gagliardi



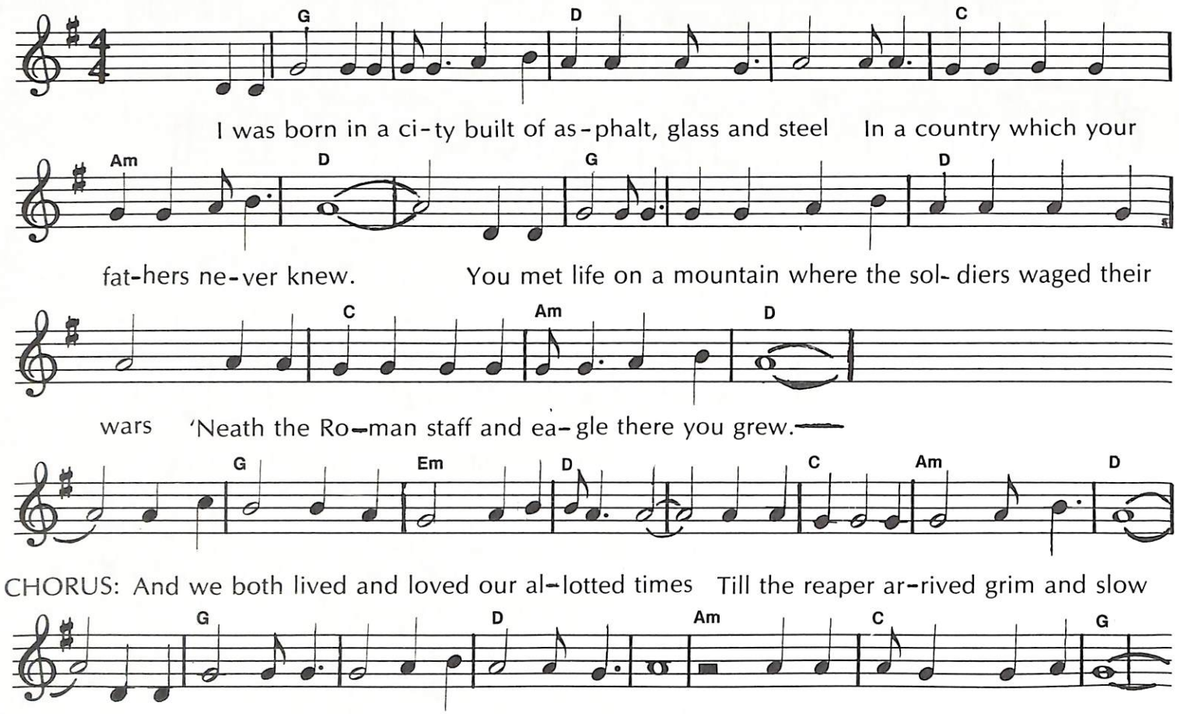


MERLIN'S SONG
Words and Music by Karen Willson



TO YOUR SCATTERED BODIES GO

Words and Music: Chris Weber



On the banks of a river that encompassed our new world
We were born anew on Resurrection Day.
In a land with a people from another race and time
Only we and some few others could not stay.

CHORUS:

Though we once lived apart and had two thousand years between
We were joined now in a love that could not die.
With our youth and our vigor given to us once again
We'd explore this world together, you and I.

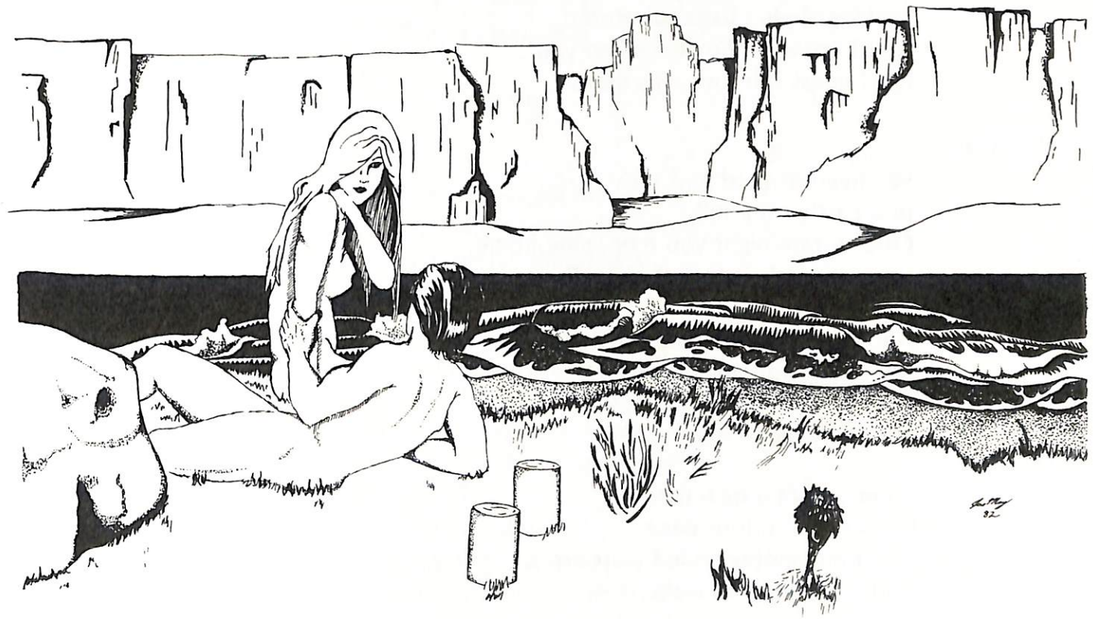
CHORUS:

So many splendid journeys, yes so many dangers too
We have shared with one another through the years.
Saw famous saints and sinners and ten thousand ways to live.
Broke apart and reconciled in joy and tears.

CHORUS:

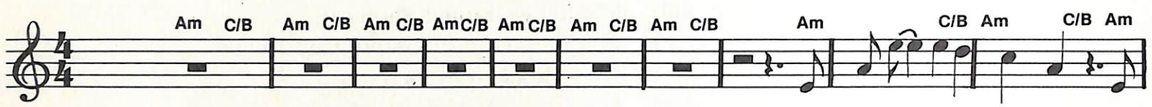
But I learned that even here in this world where none grow old
There are partings that new dawnings cannot heal
For our boat capsized one day we were reborn far apart
So I seek you in this emptiness I feel.

CHORUS:

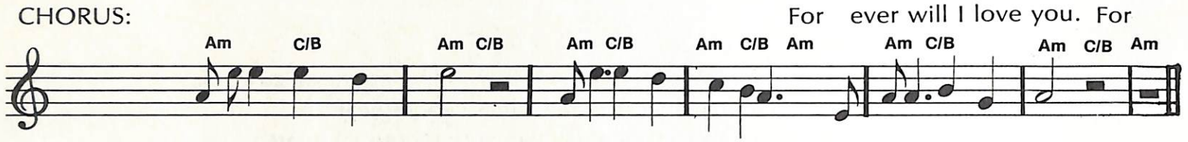


[Inspired by Phillip Jose Farmer's Riverworld Series]

FOREVER WILL I LOVE YOU
Words and Music: Kimberly Bethel



CHORUS:



ever my love grows strong. Even if we're far apart. And even if you're gone.

In dark times did I meet you.
Seeking shelter from the storm.
And I knew I thought I hated you,
But I guess our love was born!

CHORUS:

We lived as Lord and Lady
In a castle on a hill.
One stormy night you n'er came home.
You were taken 'gainst my will.

And when that life was over,
My search for you began.
You saw me in a painting old,
For you'd been born again.

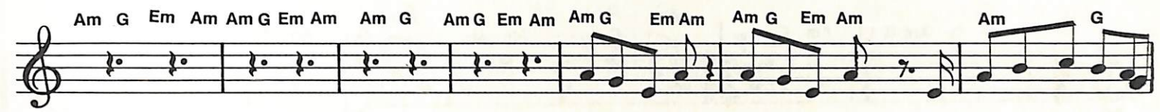
CHORUS:

I met you in a new time
Of fast and furious pace.
This time another ruled your heart,
And I will have to wait.

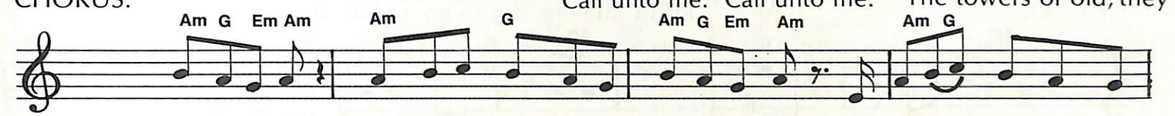
And then when I was reborn,
On a planet far away,
I waited for your soul to come
So together we could stay.

FINAL CHORUS: Forever will I love you.
Forever my love grows strong.
I've waited out fate's twists and turns.
I'll wait another dawn.

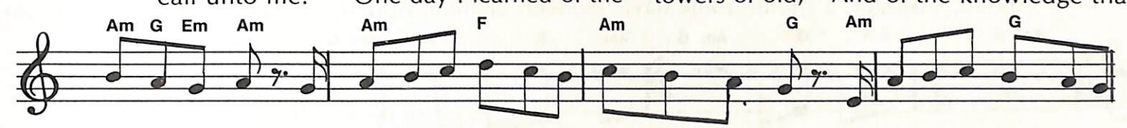
WHITE TOWER
Words and Music: Kimberly Bethel



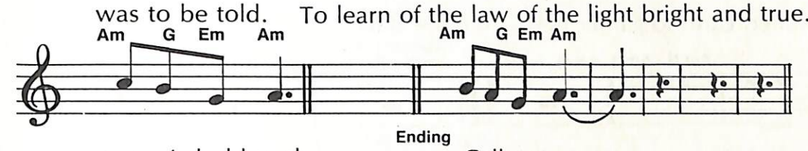
CHORUS:



call unto me. One day I learned of the towers of old, And of the knowledge that



was to be told. To learn of the law of the light bright and true. To study the ways of the



tower's bold truth. Call unto me.

CHORUS:

I watched the white tower in years of my youth,
And those from the village who waited their turn,
For knowledge of old and the life that it gave,
And warnings of darkness and shadows and pain.

CHORUS:

Those who are chosen were born for the task.
Hands show the ones who that each tower shall choose,
When the time comes, they shall go on their way,
And one day return, each one choosing his path.

CHORUS:

I am a chosen one on my way now,
To the towers of old to learn the way now.
To learn of the law of the light bright and true,
For darkness calls all, one more each day new.

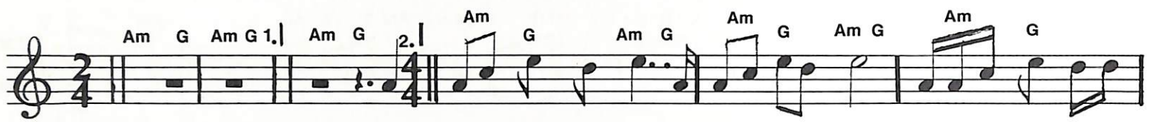
CHORUS:

The laws of the towers are binding on all.
For thousands of years the call has gone on.
Bringing the peace, love, and joy that we share,
To each generation out goes the call.

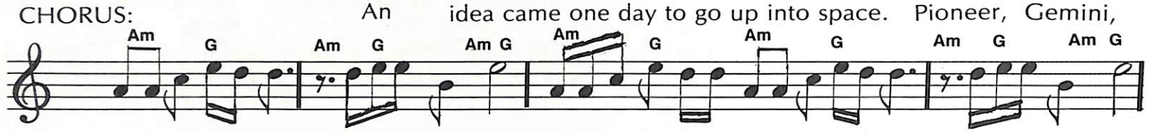
CHORUS:

CHORUS:

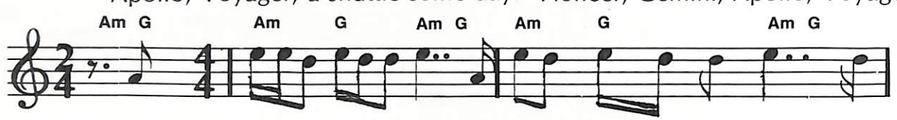
SPACE SHUTTLE (A Short History of U.S. Space Flights)
Words and Music: Kimberly Bethel



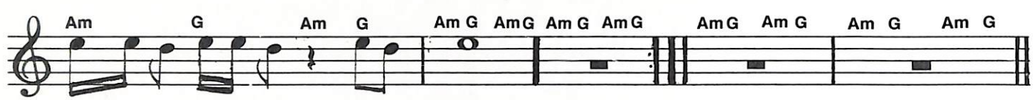
CHORUS: An idea came one day to go up into space. Pioneer, Gemini,



Apollo, Voyager, a shuttle some day. Pioneer, Gemini, Apollo, Voyager, a shuttle some day.



A satellite orbited Earth to gather news from the stars. And



now we send messages 'round the world.

And then man orbited Earth and walked among the stars.
And looked back on a shining blue Earth.

CHORUS:

One day man walked the moon, and checked out every rock.
And planted a flag saying, "We were here."

And then the first was built; they called her "Enterprise."
And she flew in the Earth's atmosphere.

CHORUS:

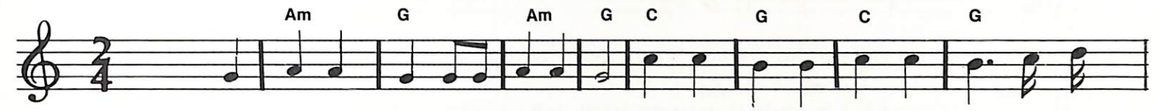
Now I sit and wait for the launch of "Columbia."
Two years, two days late.

"Columbia" orbits Earth and then comes home again.
Another day, she'll go up again.

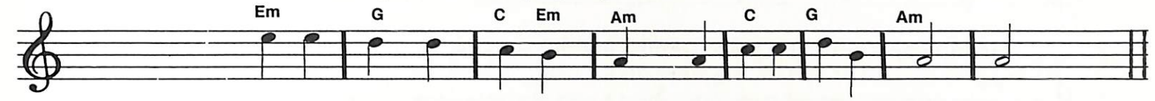
CHORUS:

SECOND CHORUS: Pioneer, Gemini, Apollo, Voyager, a shuttle today.
Pioneer, Gemini, Apollo, Voyager, a shuttle today.

RETURNEE
Words and Music: Gary Anderson



The blood-red glow of the dying day Lights the ruins a cross the way And re



turns my thoughts to yes ter day And all that I have seen

I marched away five years ago
From home and loves that a man might know
To guard against the invader's blow
A blow not deadly to us

The missiles passed far overhead
The radio died as our homelands bled
Both sides turned and homeward fled
To what we could not know

At first we rode but then we walked
Through barren lands where famine stalked
Of what we found we never talked
Nor did we speak of home

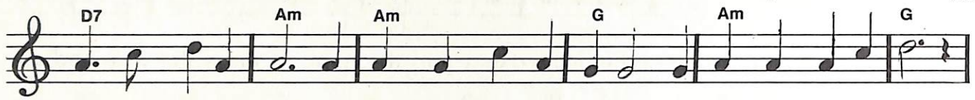
We pressed on though our food was gone
We trudged from dawn to weary dawn
With ribs that showed and faces wan
And we ate the ones who fell

Through dim red day and night's blue glow
Though I grew weak and my steps grew slow
I kept on through the summer's snow
Until I came to home

In empty ruins I hear the call
Of things that howl outside the wall
Until eternal night shall fall
Over the last of our clan

RIMFIRE
Words and Music: Gary Anderson

I'll tell to you a story, a tale that's seldom told Of troopers and of smugglers and a

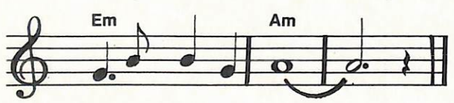


starship captain bold Of McConnell and his Rimfire, his blockade-bustin' runs

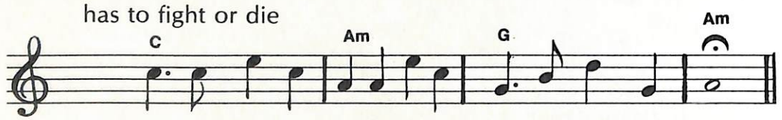
Smugglin' parts and booze and ammunition for the guns

CHORUS: And it's Rimfire, Rimfire, runnin' thru the night Runnin' fast and quiet but alert to fly or

fight And it's thunder, lightning, flashing in the sky Her guns and engines roarin' as she



has to fight or die



Ending Running Fast and Quiet in the Shadows and moonlight.

'Twas in the Persis Cluster, McConnell took the job
Of runnin' into Jackson, in a war with Guerra's mob
The Mob's blockade was leaky; he'd run it twice before
This time would be no different and he'd make an easy score

But Guerra had Imperials, troopers and their arms
He'd promised them part plunder from the Jackson mines and farms
But first they'd stop the smuggler, for with supplies in hand
The Jackson folk would blast his ships and free their sky and land

CHORUS:

McConnell loaded Rimfire with missiles and with guns
A little bit of booze and ammunition by the tons
The Mob and troopers waited for him to make his try
As he ran the engines up to peak and took her to the sky

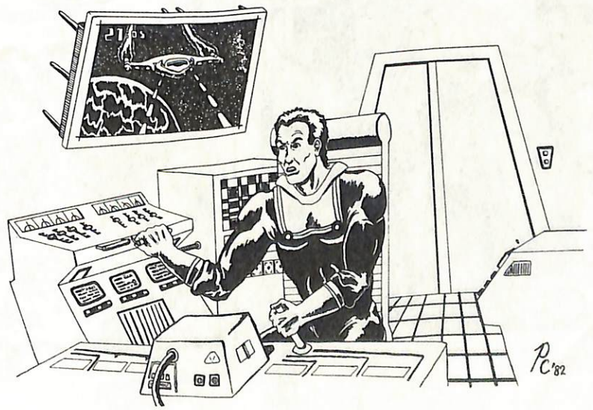
McConnell ran the Cluster, dodgin' dust and stars
And slid the Rimfire into system with a few new scars
He saw the troopers waiting to try and stop his ship
So he slammed her into hyperdrive for the short and touchy trip

He blazed down into atmosphere, the hull a cherry red
With the Mob and troopers closing, if he stopped he might be dead
But he promised to deliver, so he stopped and dropped the load
Covered up with missile fire and struck the starward road

And it's Rimfire, Rimfire, blazin' in the night
Her missiles blastin' outward in her grim and deadly fight
And it's thunder, lightnin' flashin' in the sky
A dawn of burning metal as men and starships die

And now it's ten years later, the war's been over eight
But the Jackson folk remember still McConnell and his fate
For McConnell still remembers, and Rimfire makes her run
A ship of ghosts and shadows, in a fight she almost won

And it's Rimfire, Rimfire, runnin' thru the night
Runnin' fast and quiet in the shadows and moonlight



TUESDAY... A RATHER ORDINARY DAY ON BASE, AS PERT PRETTY, CPL. KELLY O'HAIR, IS BUSY TYPING OUT THE ORDERS OF THE DAY... AND THE GENERAL'S GROCERY LIST... WHEN, SUDDENLY...
GOSHAROOTY! YES SIR, MR. PRESIDENT!
TICKETY TIK TAK
HELLO, HELLO... OH!
YES SIR! RIGHT AWAY SIR!!
RING BRING
DO NOT EMBARK
JEEPERS! ASHTORETH AND HER MOB, HAVE BROKEN INTO A TOP SECRET VAULT, AND ARE GETTING AWAY WITH INFORMATION VITAL TO OUR NATIONAL SECURITY...!
THIS IS A JOB FOR...
THAT'S RIGHT, YOU BEADY EYED LITTLE BUNNY WATCHERS... FOR WITH A RUB OF HER MYSTIC AMULET SHE IS INSTANTLY TRANSFORMED INTO THE AVATRIX ADVENTURESS! THE BARNSTORMING BUNNY BOMBSHELL ...THE... WELL, YOU KNOW...
CUTEY BUNNY
I GOTTA GET TO HOLLYWOOD ON THE DOUBLE!!
Joshua Quagmire INKS: E. TUBBS
LATER... AS ASHTORETH, AN' HER LARCENOUS CRONYS ARE TAKIN' IT ON THE LAMB...
OH, BE QUIET!
BUS STOP
ICH ZAY, VEE SHOULDT HAF TAKEN DER KAB, FRAULIEN FOX... THESE VER-BLUNGENT BUSSES IST NEFER ONT DER TIME...!
©1982 JOSHUA QUAGMIRE...
TAKE THAT, YOU CROOKS!!
YI!
HIMMEL!

PUT THOSE DOWN! DON'T YOU KNOW, THAT'S CLASSIFIED INFORMATION!
THUG
YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS, ASHTORETH!
SAYS YOU, BUNNY BROAD! I'M GONNA SELL THESE FILMS TO A FOREIGN POWER FOR BIG BUCKS!!
SORRY FOXY...! BUT YOU WON'T HAVE TIME TO DO ANYTHING WITH THEM...!
WHY NOT?
'CAUSE, RIGHT OVER THERE... IT'S THE END OF THE STORY...
WHAT? YOU MEAN THIS IS JUST A CRUMMY TWO PAGER?!
I DON'T BELIEVE IT!!
THE CRIME OF THE CENTURY... AN IT'S A TWO PAGE STORY...!! OH WELL... LOOK, KELLY, WE DON'T HAVE TIME TO FINISH THE FIGHT NOW... WHAT SAY WE JUST GO HOME AN SEE WHAT'S ON T.V...
OKAY... I'LL WHIP UP SOME OF THIS SCRUMPTIOUS LOW CAL. SOUFFLE, AN...
THE NERVE OF THAT IDIOT, QUAGMIRE!! TWO PAGES... HMMPH!!
OH DON'T LET IT BOTHER YOU VICKY...
IT WAS A DUMB STORY ANYWAY...
REALLY...
NAUGHTY NICE
BEDTIME FOR BONZO.
BONZO GOES TO COLLEGE
THE END
DEDDLY DUM, DUM...
©1983 JOSHUA QUAGMIRE...

"IN SEEK OF. . .KAREN WILLSON"

by K.C. Stevenson

FADE IN:

INT. — SET OF "IN SEEK OF. . ." — DAY

LENNY MOY, our host for the evening, is seated center stage.

MOY

Good evening. Welcome to IN SEARCH OF. . .WAYWARD SONGWRITERS.

Tonight our task force will be combing the city for one of the most notorious songwriters of the twentieth century, one Karen E. Willson.

Moy turns to the video screen behind him.

INSERT — PICTURE OF MS. WILLSON

In this wall sized mug shot she is diving behind some foliage in a hotel lobby, guitar trailing.

MOY (V.O.)

Ms. Willson has been cited for twenty-six counts of "Writing original science fiction and fantasy music," "Willfully and maliciously missing writing deadlines," and "Drinking pickle juice in public."

BACK TO SCENE

Moy shakes his head sadly.

MOY

What drove this woman from the righteous path?

Moy, getting heated, stands.

MOY

Why did she willfully refuse to write songs about me and all my other pointy-eared friends? Folk singers! Original music! BAH!!

Moy bares his chest revealing a "SPOCK FOREVER" T-shirt. His face flushes as he remembers this is live television. He sits down.

MOY
(continuing)

Well, friends, tonight we'll have the answer to the modus operandi of this criminal mind. With the help of Officers Weber and Gerds, we're going to bring Ms. Willson here, to Studio B, to answer questions from our studio audience.

Canned CLAPPING as police officers, ERIC GERDS and CHRIS WEBER enter.

BOTH OFFICERS
(shouting)

Two! Four! Six! Eight! We won't let her procrastinate!

GERDS
(to Weber)

Does that scan?

Weber shrugs.

MOY

Gentlemen, our ratings for this evening depend on you. How are you going to apprehend Ms. Willson?

Gerds pulls out a file folder of flyers.

GERDS

We've been spreading these around the city of Los Angeles.

Moy takes one of the flyers.

MOY

What are these?

GERDS

Copies of the only "filk" song she ever wrote: "I Like Klignon Stew." She'll go nuts if it gets out. Ruin her reputation.

The two officers chuckle evily.

MOY

I see. Copies on every street corner. Stake outs waiting to pick her up when she picks them up. Very clever.

Gerds and Weber turn on Moy angrily.

BOTH OFFICERS

Shhhhhh! You'll give away the plan.

Moy looks apologetic.

MOY

Oh! Ahem. Perhaps some interviews are in order. Or maybe a commercial.

He glances offstage.

MOY
(continuing)

We'd best let you boys get on with your job.

CUT TO: COMMERCIAL
DISSOLVE TO:

INT. APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM — DAY

Moy wanders through a room filled with musical instruments, movie posters, space ships, fannish art work, and pictures. Two cats eye him suspiciously from atop the piano which dominates one wall.

MOY

Here we are, downtown North Hollywood. The story of Ms. Willson's fall into fandom is carved into the walls of her apartment.

He points to a picture of a small, blonde girl playing with a Folger's Coffee can.

MOY

Her addiction to caffinated substances began at an early age. Daughter of an Air Force Colonel and the youngest of six children she had every opportunity.

He points to a picture of six black-robed nuns, each eight feet tall, looming over diminutive Karen Willson.

MOY
(continuing)

But it was in the shadow of the Catholic Church that corruption began. Someone handed this innocent child a musical instrument.

INSERT — PICTURE OF KAREN

She is playing flute in a marching band.

MOY (V.O.)

On the surface, it seemed to be a healthy relationship between a girl and her flute. But behind those hazel eyes lay the ripening soul of a social deviant.

Oh, she excelled in her music. Played nine instruments. Wrote music for a church sponsored TV program, *Insight*, as a sophomore in high school.

BACK TO SCENE

MUSIC DARKENS. Moy focuses on a picture of Karen's band director who is smiling.

MOY

But this courageous man uncovered the roots of her trickery that same year. To his surprise that Karen E. Willson could not read a single note of music.

She was first chair. He had heaped honors on her head.

INSERT — ANOTHER PICTURE OF KAREN

She is covered with music trophies. . .and other band members.

MOY (V.O.)

His reputation was at stake! So what did he do, this teacher of music so humbled?

He covered up. To this day, against the laws of every Church of music in the country, Karen Willson cannot read music but INSISTS on writing original songs. I'm certain that's a punishable offense.

BACK TO SCENE

Moy begins to calm down.

MOY

She attended her first science fiction convention in 1977. It was a Doug Wright Con. And there, in the ladies' bathroom, she began her life of crime. She wrote a song, "Star to Steer By," and performed it that same evening in the masquerade.

Moy glances around the apartment. We see the room in a slow PAN, stopping at the cats. They are watching Moy watch them.

MOY
(continuing)

Would nothing save her? Not her love of cats? Of Japanese cartoons? Of burritos? No! The desire to be involved in the world of science fiction grew, spilling over into her mundane life, even into her work.

INSERT — YET ANOTHER PICTURE OF KAREN

She is slaving over miles of computer consoles.

MOY

She had a perfectly acceptable job as a computer operator for a great metropolitan newspaper. Miles of circuits obeyed her every command. But song writing awakened an even deeper, deadly urge.

BACK TO SCENE

Moy pauses.

MOY
(continuing)

The urge to WRITE!

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO SET — DAY

Moy, seated, looks over his shoulder at a video screen. On the screen we see Karen with Nichelle Nichols. Nichelle is holding a copy of an interview done by Karen. They are both smiling.

MOY

It began with a magazine, *Starlog*. Karen quit her job. Began to write full time. For pay. Began hob-nobbing with BIG NAME science fictionites. With television producers. With stars —

Moy smoothes his hair with one hand.

MOY
(continuing)

While doing an article on the BUCK ROGERS show's second season, opportunity knocked. Karen was handed a copy of the first script, "Hawk." She handed back a CORRECTED copy to the producer, pointing out tiny science errors anyone could miss like — walking around in space without helmets. You know; it's only TV.

INSERT — CLOSEUP OF GIL GERARD

MOY (V.O.)

She became the show's technical advisor. With an open ticket to the Universal lot, she developed a cozy relationship with the special effects industry.

BACK TO SCENE

Moy leans forward.

MOY

So cozy, that she became Production Manager of a local special effects studio, The Magic Lantern. Started ordering folks around, you know? Making movies like *History of the World, Part One. The Creature Wasn't Nice. The Jupiter Menace. Flicks. Mount St. Helen's.* And the corruption deepened.

Moy stands.

MOY
(continuing, shouting)

She had the audacity to produce a documentary on the handicapped for public television!

Audible GASPS from the studio crew.

MOY
(continuing)

Is there no end to this corruption? Now she's loose! On her own! Writing kids' books and trying to break into television! Can this go on?

ANGLE ON THE STUDIO CREW

They are jumping up and down. Screaming. Looking for blood. Tearing down the monitors.

Into this confusion Chris Weber appears, police uniform sparkling under the studio lights. He is tossing paper over his left shoulder. A young WOMAN darts behind him, furiously scrambling to catch every precious sheet. She is dragging a jumbo size garbage bag which is stuffed with more paper.

Eric Gerds brings up the rear, readying a pair of handcuffs.

BACK TO SCENE

They reach Moy's chair. Weber turns.

WEBER

That's the last one!

The young woman is the infamous Karen Willson.

WILLSON

Give me that!

She stuffs it into the garbage bag, glances around, realizes where she is. The camera crew surrounds her, menacingly. Moy points an accusing finger.

MOY

At last —

WILLSON

Oh, no! I told you I didn't want to be interviewed, Eric.

Gerds pins Ms. Willson's arms behind her back, snaps on the cuffs.

GERDS

See what happens to songwriters who delay *my* fanzine for four months? Sprinting about Hollywood? Courting young, nubile policemen?

Gerds stares at Weber who flushes.

WEBER

I was off duty.

GERDS

Humppph!

Moy steps between the two officers, trying to block them from the camera.

MOY

Gentlemen, remember why we're here, to interview this notorious criminal.

Karen smiles sweetly. Mouths, "Hi, Mom!" at the camera.

MOY
(continuing)

—To gain some insight into the criminal mind. How and why she writes those songs.

Moy pulls a page of notes from his pocket. An ASSISTANT hands him his glasses.

MOY
(continuing)

What she's doing on the planet. Whether she's a communist. You know, the usual.

Weber and Gerds both nod, still hanging on to Karen.

BOTH OFFICERS

Right.

Moy looks up. He is about to speak when an old tired MAN with a clipboard steps in front of him.

It's the director.

DIRECTOR

Didn't you hear the sign off call? We're off the air. See? Look at the cameras. No red light. Show's over. Lousy ratings, too. Girl came on during commercial.

Director glares at Karen. She shrugs. Moy's mouth hangs open.

DIRECTOR
(continuing)

And another thing. Your arrest is illegal. You forgot to read her rights. Dumb cops.

Gerds glances at Karen, then moves to unlock the handcuffs.

GERDS

Gee, I'm sorry. Next time we'll make it stick.

KAREN

Maybe you ought to stick to fanzines, Eric. I mean, I'd like to help you out in whatever career goal you choose, but this is ridiculous.

WEBER

Right. Well, if we can't arrest you, maybe dinner?

KAREN

You're on. There are easier ways to a girl's heart, guys.

The trio walk past Moy who is glancing over a ratings sheet, baffled. The director throws up his hands in disgust and leaves.

MOY

Maybe we should stick to ancient civilizations. Safe stuff.

Karen pats him on the shoulder in passing.

KAREN

Better luck next time, Lenny. And if you really want to know something about me? Listen to my music. Read the words. Between the lines. Why do I do it? I love to tell stories. Entertain.

Moy shakes his head.

MOY

Hmmm. Not very mainstream. I thought you had a cause. Something to boost the ratings.

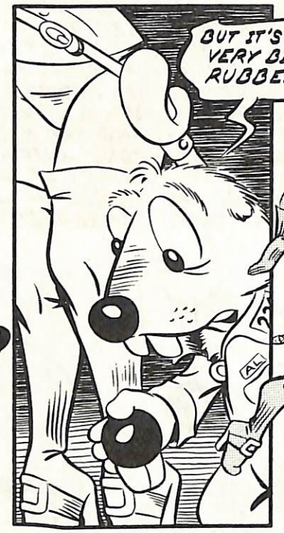
KAREN

Sorry. I *am* a cause, kiddo. It may not sell shampoo, but it makes me happy.

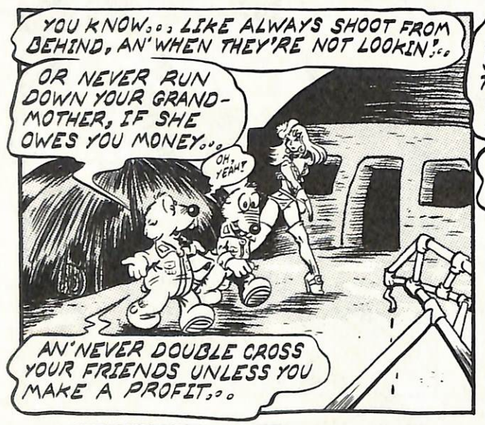
The terrible trio walks away into the darkened studio.

FADE TO BLACK.

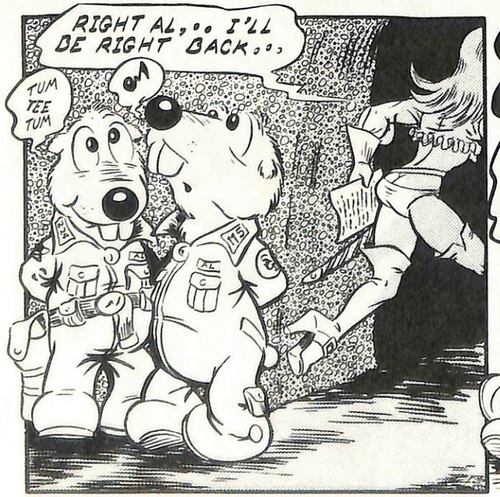
FOR THE LAST TIME, AL, I'M NOT WEARING THIS STUPID THING!!

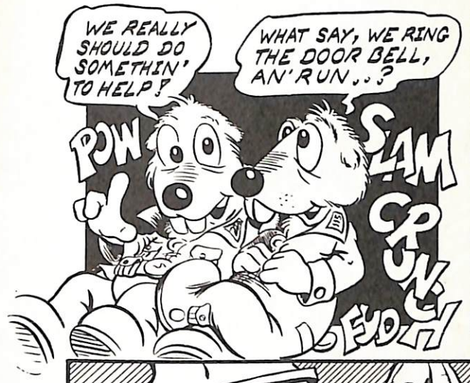

BUT IT'S THE VERY BEST RUBBER...

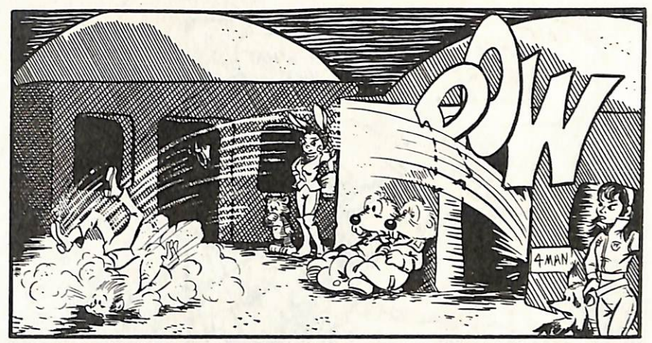
NEVER MIND YOU TWO, LET'S SCOUT OUT THE SPACE PORT... BUT KEEP QUIET 'BOUT THE MALLOMARS... WE GOTTA USE STRATEGY TO UNLOAD THIS STUFF...
STRATEGY?


YOU KNOW... LIKE ALWAYS SHOOT FROM BEHIND, AN' WHEN THEY'RE NOT LOOKIN'...
OR NEVER RUN DOWN YOUR GRANDMOTHER, IF SHE OWES YOU MONEY...
OH, YEAH!
AN' NEVER DOUBLE CROSS YOUR FRIENDS UNLESS YOU MAKE A PROFIT...

PANDORA... AS I'M SENIOR SPACE GOPHER... AN' AS YOU'RE JUNIOR APRENTICE RECRUIT THIRD CLASS, I'VE DECIDED YOU CAN DELIVER THE INVOICE... JUS' GIVE IT TO THE FOREMAN...
AL, AN' I WILL WAIT OUTSIDE, IN CASE THERE'S TROUBLE...
INVOICE
HEY! WHAT'S THIS?? MALLOMARS!!
I STILL THINK SHE SHOULDA TOLD HIM, THEY WERE CHOCOLATE PING PONG BALLS...
FOREMAN
POW
BISH
SOUNDS LIKE AN AWFUL FIGHT... IF IT WEREN'T FOR MY BAD BACK I'D ALMOST FEEL LIKE HELPIN' HER...
THAT'S MIGHTY BRAVE OF YOU AL... I ALMOST FEEL THAT WAY MYSELF...
4-MAN
YI!
FUD


RIGHT AL... I'LL BE RIGHT BACK...
TUM TEE TUM


WE REALLY SHOULD DO SOMETHIN' TO HELP?
WHAT SAY, WE RING THE DOOR BELL, AN' RUN...?
POW
SLAM
CRUNCH
FUDGE

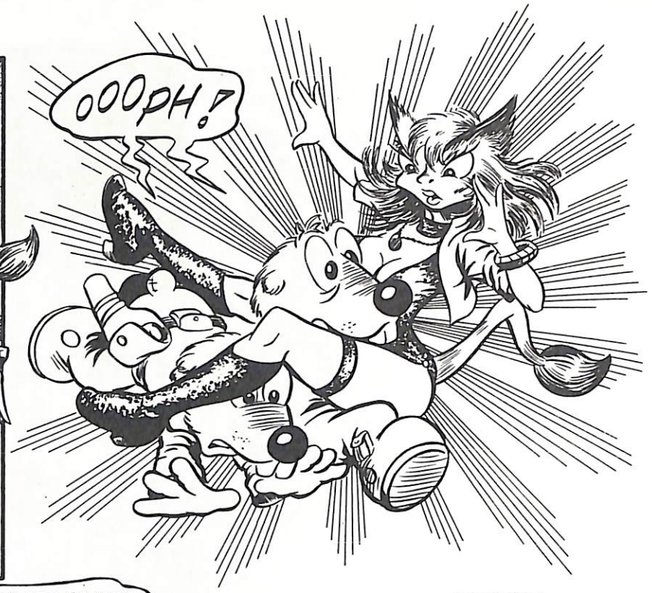

POW
4-MAN

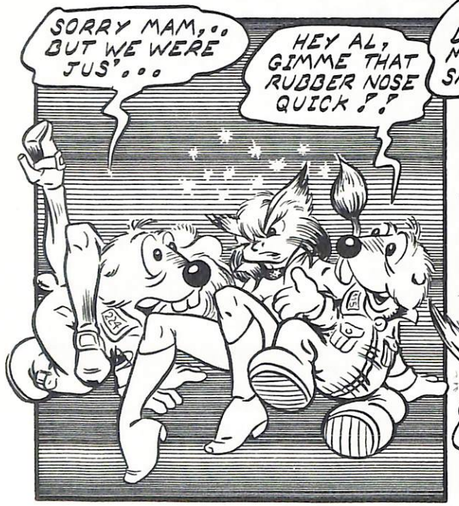
YIKE!
THAT WAS A FOUL BLOW SISTER! FIGHT FAIR! I DAST YA!
I DOUBLE DAST YA!! GET HER BOYS!
AN I'LL GET THE GOPHERS!

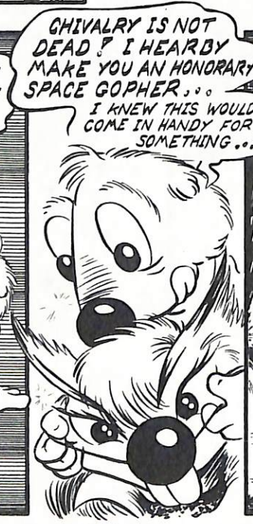
JUST A MINUTE AL... THEY'VE YET TO TASTE THE POWER OF MY PHOTON BLADE!!
B-BUT, I THINK...

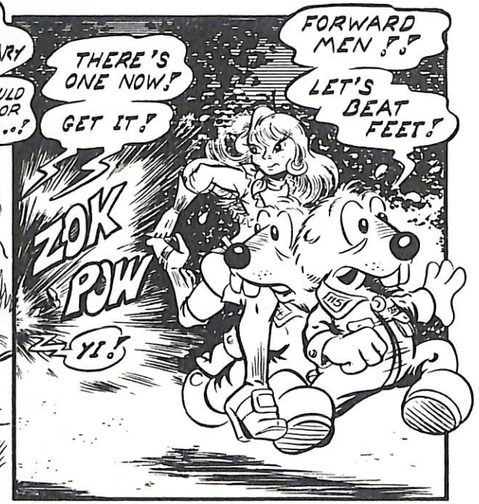
THEY'VE GOT BAZOOKAS!
RUN!

KILL
KILL
KILL
KILL
KILL
KILL
GET THE LITTLE BUMS!
W-WE'RE DOOMED!
HELP









AND SO AS THEIR SHIP SINKS SLOWLY IN THE WEST, THEY ROCKET OFF TO THRILLS, DANGER AN EXCITEMENT, NOT TO MENTION A FEW MOVING VIOLATION TICKETS

TO BE DISCONTINUED...

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